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SKATING AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE EXTRA SESSION FOLLY.

IT is generally agreed that, unless he changes his mind, Mr. McKINLEY is about to call Congress together in special session, and that the principal, if not the only, work of the session will be the enactment of a tariff law. The bill that will be presented to the House of Representatives is doubtless that which is being prepared by Mr. DINGLEY, and, whatever it may be, it will be quickly passed by the popular branch of Congress, in which the Republicans have a plurality of 82 over the Democrats, and of 51 over all parties and factions. There is some doubt expressed as to the attitude of the Senate. There are now 44 Republican Senators—two less than a majority. Mr. TELLER and Mr. DUBOIS in the Fifty-fourth Congress were opposed to their party on the tariff question, in the hope, however, of securing something for silver from their gold-standard party associates. But it is probable that Mr. TELLER and Mr. DUBOIS's successor may be "conciliated" by concessions to the wool-growing interest, and that they will vote for a tariff bill. If this be so, there will be then 46 votes in favor of the measure. To this number may be added Mr. PRITCHARD of North Carolina, and Mr. KYLE of South Dakota, who, in return for Republican support in their contests for re-election, have agreed to support a Republican tariff measure. These two added to the others make 48 in favor of tariff revision. It is also said that the silver Republican CANNON of Utah, and the Populist Senator ALLEN, have been conciliated, and that Senators JONES and STEWART, of Nevada, may be counted on, so that it is probable that the Republicans will be able to command at least 50 votes, leaving 40 votes against the bill. Moreover, there is no Democratic Senator who can make an effective opposition to the bill. In the first place, there are Democratic Senators who are inclined to protectionism, and who, even if there be a chance to secure a point for their old-time party cause, will make a half-hearted struggle, or will be treacherous. GORMAN, SMITH, and MURPHY may be expected to do all in their power to help the Republicans if their assistance be required. Mr. MILLS is the only Democratic Senator who is fully equipped to lead in debate on a tariff bill, but his infirmities of temper have grown upon him to such an extent that he is no longer listened to with patience or respect. Mr. JONES of Arkansas is thoroughly informed for the purposes of committee work, but he is not a debater, and, besides, he is discredited by his feeble leadership of the BRYAN campaign. Mr. GRAY, Mr. LINDSAY, Mr. TURPIE, and Mr. CAFFERY are the only Senators upon whom the opposition to tariff legislation can wholly depend. They are all admirable debaters, but they will not resort to parliamentary tactics to prevent action on the bill or to compel the adoption of amendments. Parliamentary tactics for the prevention of a vote are of more than doubtful validity, but they may always be properly resorted to in order to compel discussion and amendment. Unfortunately, the Democratic Senators who are skilful in this sort of parliamentary warfare are not to be counted on for active opposition to any measure that will increase the burdens of tariff taxation.

It is evident that the Republicans are very likely to secure the enactment of any tariff bill that Mr. DINGLEY may report; but ought they to make the attempt to increase tariff taxation, and if they do make such an attempt at all during Mr. McKINLEY'S term, ought they to undertake it at the beginning of the term, and when business is anxiously waiting for that return of prosperity which it was predicted would be sure to follow Mr. McKINLEY'S triumph over Mr. BRYAN?

The assertion that rates of duty are to be increased for the purpose of obtaining needed revenue may be dismissed at once as a mere pretence. The rates in the new tariff bill, like those in the McKINLEY bill, will be dictated by the manufacturers, for whose profit the increased taxation is to be levied. Senators and Representatives who are theoretically charged with the duty of legislating for the general welfare will once more become the active agents of private interests, and therefore, in an important degree, hostile to the general interest. The private citizens who are concerned in the bill do not care what may be the effect of larger rates of duty on the public revenues, but the public men who must present it and vote for it know that increased duties often reduce revenues, and that under the McKINLEY law, for example, which raised the average rate of duty from 44 per cent. to 50 per cent., customs revenues fell in four years from $225,317,076 to $128,881,869, while under the WILSON bill revenues from customs duties have increased.

It is not revenue that is to be sought by tariff legislation, but increased profits for private interests. The protected interests themselves are not unanimously in favor of an increase of taxation. Some manufacturers of steel and iron have protested against a change in their schedules. Mr. FARQUHAR, a large maker of ploughs, has told the Ways and Means Committee that lower rates of duty have so benefited his business and cheapened his cost of production that he now commands the markets of the world for one kind of plough, having driven his English competitors out of business. There is a disagreement between the wool-growers and the manufacturers of wool, which is due to the fact that the latter have enjoyed the advantages of free raw material.

As to the effect of an extra session on business in general we quote from Mr. FARQUHAR'S speech:

> "It is superfluous," he said, "to remind you that the talk of an extra session is unsettling business, is locking up capital that would go at once into productive enterprise if assured of the continuance of present conditions, is depriving labor of employment by repressing enterprise, and is only welcome to those who in one way or another prey upon the public, because you know it and you see it. You know it in your reason; you see it in the backset with which reviving business after the forward start that followed the November election has so disastrously met."

Besides, there is the political problem which ought to be considered by the Republicans before they enter upon the protected tariff enterprise. Mr. McKINLEY was elected by Democratic votes. It was demonstrated in the last issue of the WEEKLY that the changes in Democratic counties alone gave to the Republican candidate 132 electoral votes. These Democrats voted for Mr. McKINLEY on the distinct understanding that he and his party were to consider the money question as paramount. And now if the money question is to be abandoned; if the only currency experiment to be undertaken is the old game of hoodwinking the silver men by pretended efforts for international bimetallism; if no step whatever is to be taken in behalf of a reform of our crude currency system; if Mr. GAGE is to be placed at the head of the Treasury Department only to be muzzled; if a tariff policy is to be pursued which would have cost Mr. McKINLEY these 132 electoral votes had it been the issue of the campaign—is there any reason why the more than a million of Democrats who voted for the Republican national candidates last November should ever again trust a Republican promise? An extra session of Congress and the enactment of a law increasing tariff taxes are an invitation to the election of a BRYAN House of Representatives in 1898. The only thing that can possibly prevent such an unhappy consummation will be the organization of the sound-money Democrats in the South, in the hope of electing a sufficient number of Representatives there and in the East to give them the balance of power. If Mr. McKINLEY and his advisers are wise, there will be no extra session and no tariff legislation.

RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

VERY few people deny the propriety of restricting foreign immigration in some way and to some extent. If life in America is more attractive to those who have nothing but their labor to live on than life in Europe, that is largely because our population is less dense than that of Europe. There is more demand for labor, and labor is better paid. But that is an advantage that obviously tends to disappear with every accession to our population that is drawn from Europe.

The object of the bill which has passed Congress seems to be rather political than economical. It is the "ignorant foreign vote" at which it is aimed, and it provides mainly against the admission of illiterate immigrants. Economically, indeed, the exclusion of illiterates is of little or no advantage. The unskilled labor, for which there is so much more demand here than in Europe, is performed by illiterates quite as effectively as by literates. Indeed, in one way it is more effectively performed, since employers find that illiterate labor, in those callings in which the laborer is a mere animal and employs muscle but no mind, is more tractable.

But even from the political point of view a considerable change has come over the opinions of many Americans. They do not go in so much fear of the "ignorant foreign vote" as they used to go, and they go in very much more fear of the half-educated native vote. We have just passed through a serious danger, and it has been in great part averted by the foreign vote. Whether the foreign voter was too ignorant, or not ignorant enough, to be affected by the sophisms of the socialists and demagogues, who tried to persuade him that it was to his interest to have a cheaper dollar, does not practically matter. The fact was that a true instinct kept him steady in his demand to be paid in money equal to the best in the world. It was the native who was affected by the rant of TILLMAN and of BRYAN. In the case of TILLMAN, indeed, it may fairly be charged that illiteracy had something to do with the result, for the silver craze was most powerful in those parts of the South in which elementary education is least diffused, and in which the ignorance of whites as well as of blacks is most appalling. But in the North the victims were not victims by reason of any kind or degree of ignorance that can be detected through the tests applied by the new law to incoming foreigners. Take BRYAN'S own State of Nebraska, which is precisely the least illiterate State of the Union, the State in which the percentage of persons of school age who cannot read or write is the smallest—much smaller than in Massachusetts. That fact did not prevent Nebraska from giving its electoral vote to BRYAN. Can anybody recall any danger with which the foreign vote ever threatened us that was so frightful as the danger of public and private repudiation from which it saved us?

Again, it was one of the avowed objects of the law to protect us from the anarchists and aggressive socialists and enemies of society generally in Europe. But no educational qualification can keep out such immigrants. There is not a dangerous "Red" in Europe who could not pass the test provided by Congress. It is not to be expected that the law will either sensibly diminish the quantity or sensibly improve the quality of our immigration. The three R's by no means imply either an industrial or a political education.

THE LATEST BARBARISM OF THE POWERS.

THE action of the powers in respect to the Cretan outbreak is precisely in line with the miserable policy which they have pursued since it became their duty to intervene to protect the Christians of Armenia against the Turk. In rushing into hostilities the King of Greece probably did not yield to an impulse of patriotic passion. It is true that Greek Christians in Crete have abundant cause to rise against their Moslem rulers; but King GEORGE is not a Greek, but a cool-headed Dane, connected by marriage with the reigning houses of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain. He probably has not been guilty of foolhardiness, and he doubtless has abundant assurances that the kind of hostile movement in which he has engaged against the Turk is not displeasing to his nephew, the Czar, nor unhelpful to his plans.

Nevertheless, the powers continue to vacillate. When the German Emperor suggested that the Piræus be blockaded in order that the Greeks might be compelled to recall their troops and fleet from Crete, Great Britain objected, possibly because Lord SALISBURY suspected, or knew, that the Greek movement was really Russian; possibly because the German Emperor was the author of the suggestion. Then followed the suggestion that autonomy should be granted to Crete, one of the Greek princes—Prince GEORGE, of course—being appointed Governor. Then Canea was taken under the protection of the consuls of the powers, the allied fleet sustaining them. Then followed the bombardment of the Christian forces, and the protest of the civilized world, and especially of the Christian people of Great Britain. Lord SALISBURY was obliged to promise that such a thing would not happen again, but he followed the promise by promulgating a programme which promised autonomy to the Cretans, while manifesting the friendliest spirit to the Turks.

How it is to eventuate for Greece and Crete no one can predict. Russia is waiting patiently for

the time to come when Constantinople shall fall into her lap, and when that time arrives Greece may or may not reap the reward due to her willingness and pluck. It all depends upon the Russian's theory as to his own interests. He will probably take what he wants. Germany is not averse to Russia's scheme, but is most anxious of all the nations of Europe to keep the peace. France might score if a war in the East should break out, and Austria's demands under the triplice might be embarrassing. On the other hand, so long as Russia is disengaged she will be an obstacle to French attempts for revenge. Great Britain is coming more and more to the opinion that Russia's occupation of Constantinople is inevitable. The puzzling question is, how can the end that is foreseen be attained without a general European war? In the meantime whatever is done in behalf of the persecuted Christians in Armenia or elsewhere will be due to an awakened public conscience and to the consequent popular outcry. The powers themselves—meaning the rulers—are not much more Christian than the Turk. The Armenians and the Cretans are nothing to them. They are as selfish and cruel as monarchies have always been, while the men at the head of the French Republic are now under the dominion of the cold-blooded Russian despot. Thus far the council of ambassadors has been aroused to effective action only by an inchoate attempt of the Sultan to cheat the Parisian holders of Turkish securities. The powers can act in a money matter, but where humanity and civilization are concerned they can only talk, or, what is worse, bombard Christians who are struggling against their oppressors.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD IN MORALS.

THE annual report of the President of Harvard University for the year 1895–6 includes that in which the Dean of the college tells of the progress of an attempt to change the standard of undergraduate opinion as to certain offences involving dishonesty. Harvard, like most other colleges, has long been bothered by the propensity of some students to cheat in examinations. The prevailing sentiment has been that while a man who was trying for honors, or was entered in a competition for some reward of scholarship, might not reconcile it to his sense of honor to use illicit means for getting good marks, the man who was merely trying to pass the examinations on which his stay in college depended need not be so squeamish, but was excusable in cheating if he chose to take the risk. To this sentiment the Dean and the Administrative Board of the college have strong objections. They declare that it is part of the double standard of morals which prevails more or less in nearly all colleges, and under which students "jealously demand to be treated as men, take advantage of the instructors who treat them so, and excuse themselves on the ground that, after all, they are only boys." Every one who is familiar with schools and colleges understands this double standard. It is a part of boyishness, and as long as boys continue to be boys it is probable that it will continue to exist. But lads who go nowadays to college, to Harvard College at any rate, are supposed to have put their boyishness away, and expect to be treated and are treated like persons of a responsible age, so that the expectation that they shall govern themselves by grown-up standards is not unreasonable. The authorities at Harvard determined last year, after profuse discussion, that they would have no more of the double standard in the matter of college work. To that end they have formally proclaimed that the handing in by a student of written work not his own is dishonorable and unworthy of a member of the university, and that the student who is caught doing it shall be separated from the university and have his name posted on the bulletin-board. It seems a just rule, and not too draconian to be enforced.

The double standard is a good deal too prevalent everywhere, in the big world as well as in the college microcosms. It is useful in excusing all misdeeds which men consider necessary to the accomplishment of ends not in themselves necessarily bad. It excuses men who consider themselves upright in voting money for use in corrupting legislatures in the interest of corporations; it excuses men who aspire to a decent standing in society for publishing newspapers filled with demoralizing and sensational matter; it excuses boss rule, the breaking of agreements by railroads, and certain phases of oppression by trusts. Evasions that a gentleman would scorn to use in dealing with an individual, he thinks lawful as against the government to save payment of duties or taxes; bribery that men would not soil their hands with as individuals they resort to, with disgust but still effectually, as officers of corporations. Filth and lies go into newspapers because of a theory that they are necessary at first for the building up of a great circulation. Judged by the double standard these offences are not dishonorable, but are a necessary fighting of fire by fire. So, trickery and misconduct which would destroy a man's standing in business are tolerated if committed "in politics." There is too much of the double standard in the grown-up world. To abolish the more demoralizing manifestations of it in the colleges is a good work, and the efforts to that end at Harvard deserve applause from the outside and the concurrence of the undergraduate body.

THE QUADRENNIAL DISGRACE.

How long will the American people tolerate the scandals of the spoils carnival which accompanies every change of party rule in the national government? Two of our Presidents, both hailing from Ohio, have already fallen victims to it—one, the first HARRISON, by harassment; the second, GARFIELD, by murder. And now it is hounding another. Let every American citizen who has the honor and welfare of the republic at heart watch with care what is going on in these days. Ever since the Presidential election last November Mr. MCKINLEY has been in a state of siege in his home at Canton. Hordes of pushing office-seekers pressed around him from morning till night. His mail was so burdened with applications for place that the attempt to acknowledge the receipt of each of them had to be given up in despair. At last Mr. MCKINLEY'S health broke down, and his physicians forced him to deny himself to the relentless throng. Now Mr. MCKINLEY, his health hardly recovered, goes to Washington to assume the duties of his high office. Problems of tremendous magnitude and perplexing difficulty await him. Since the civil war there has been no Presidential election involving more momentous issues than the last. The country narrowly escaped a great danger for the time being. It is the task of Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration to avert this danger for the future. A task of greater responsibility can hardly be imagined. It will require, on the part of those who stand at the head of the government unceasing exertion of their working strength and endurance, mental as well as physical, and it is of the utmost importance not only to themselves, but to the American people generally, that they should have at least a fair chance for such exertion.

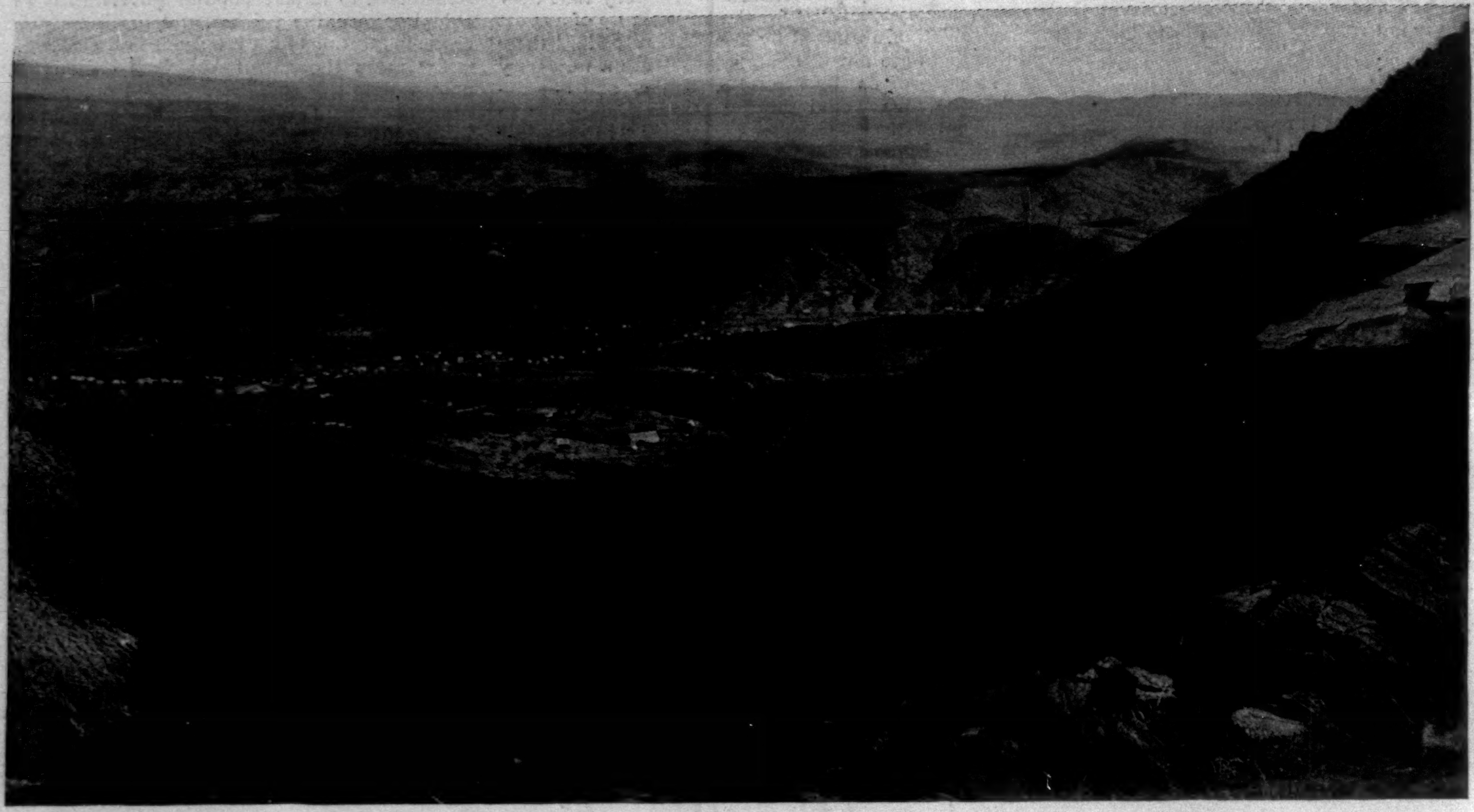
But what do we behold? Tens of thousands of persons rush to Washington to transfer the siege from Mr. MCKINLEY'S home in Canton to the White House. And not to the White House alone. Mr. MCKINLEY has invited into his cabinet and put at the head of the government departments eight gentlemen who, however able and upright, are not yet familiar with the great duties imposed upon them. They need, especially at the beginning, time for arduous study to master the work they will have to perform. They too are besieged day in and day out by the same countless crowds. And these besiegers, headed by Senators and Representatives in Congress or other party magnates, clamorously demand that the President and the cabinet ministers—dismissing from their minds all thoughts of currency reform, or of foreign policy, or of public economy, or of measures or methods of administration—shall instantly take to pieces the working machinery of the government, for the purpose of dealing out to those crowding around them foreign missions and consulates and revenue places and commissionerships and post-offices and what not. Nor is this distracting torment confined to the President and the heads of departments. The Senators and Representatives in Congress, too, at least those of the majority party, are chased about like errand-boys in pursuit of offices for their hangers-on, thus being robbed of the time and the working strength needed for their legislative duties, and not seldom even of their self-respect. And what is the pretence on which this wild turmoil is carried on? Not that the present incumbents of the offices to be vacated and refilled are unfit for their duties or unfaithful in the discharge of them; not that the persons demanding the places are better qualified for them; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, simply that the "ins" belong to the wrong party and "ought to go," that the clamoring "outs" have been or will be of service to the ruling party and ought to "have something," and that the possession of the offices will strengthen the ruling party in maintaining its power—a ghastly plea in the face of the fact that the party possessing the offices has in the last four Presidential elections regularly been defeated. What this pursuit of spoil really does effect is to demoralize our political life by increasing in it the elements of selfishness, to impair popular government by developing machine politics, and to discredit democratic institutions by a relapse into barbarism.

Let every thoughtful American citizen soberly contemplate this spectacle. What other civilized nation is there that presents so absurd and shocking an exhibition to the world? Can any American who respects himself and takes pride in his country behold it without contrition and shame? Must he not devoutly pray for the coming of the day when this disgrace will be put an end to? Will he not hail with enthusiasm as a great benefactor of the republic the man who, possessing the power, will use that power to extinguish it? The President of the United States is the first sufferer. He is also the man that can break down this monstrous abuse—at least for the time being; but the example, once set, would surely be followed in the future. What the President can do is to make known to all concerned, in behalf of the public interest which it is his duty to guard, that no patronage will be distributed at the White House; that appointments will be made only when recommended by the departments under which the appointees are to serve; that whoever wishes to apply or recommend others for appointment to office must do so in writing and not otherwise; that when oral advice or consultation about appointments to office is desired, it will be specially invited; that removals and appointments will be made only for the good of the service and after careful inquiry by the executive branch of the government itself; and to facilitate the attainment of the end in view, that the 67,000 minor post-offices will without delay be put under proper civil service rules, that the examinations for consular places will be made competitive, and that, as to other Presidential offices, the President, for the guidance of the Executive in making nominations, will adopt proper methods for ascertaining the comparative fitness of candidates.

Is there any doubt that such an announcement—made on the ground that the public good requires it, and that those at the head of the government are in duty bound to devote their time and strength to the real business of the people instead of wasting both in distributing patronage—would electrify the country, and that the good-citizenship of the republic would with enthusiasm rally around such a President to hold up his hands? If President MCKINLEY made the experiment, this would be his experience. Indeed, it is said that no President can get along with Congress unless he makes friends in the Senate and the House by dispensing favors in the shape of offices. It was once said, in WALPOLE'S time, that the British Constitution would not work without the practice of purchasing the votes of members of Parliament with money or patronage. The bribing of members of Parliament has long ceased, but the British Constitution is working better than ever. So with us the co-operation between the Executive and Congress would be more honest and harmonious than ever without the use of the patronage; and sensible members of Congress would even rejoice at being relieved of the burden it imposes upon them, provided that in being deprived of it they were all treated alike.

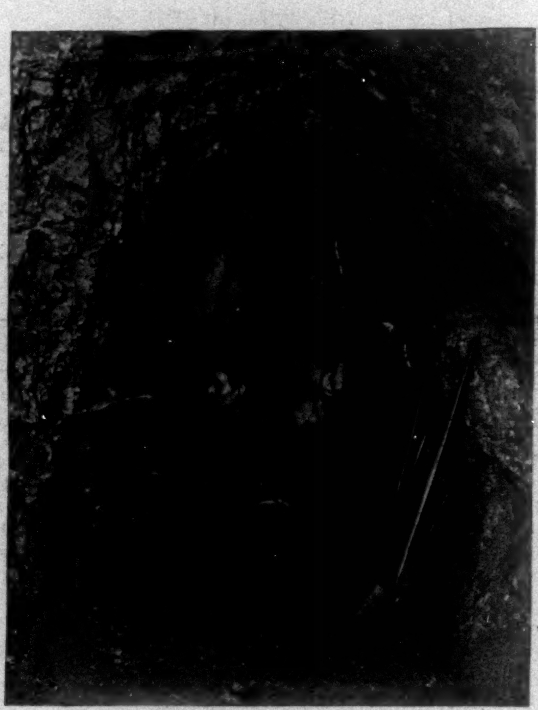
It is, indeed, probable that the country editors who wish to be village postmasters would scowl and bluster; that the incompetents in public life who need the patronage to prop up their influence and to hold together their following would raise a wail of despair, and that the party bosses and the machine workers and their henchmen who depend for sustenance upon the public crib would gloomily predict the downfall of republican government. But the enlightened and patriotic public opinion of the country would soon overrule and silence them all. Even that member of Congress from Ohio who recently at a public dinner in Brooklyn defiled ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S memory by asserting that the martyr President, if he lived, would condemn civil service reform as an encroachment upon the rights of "the plain people," would find better employment for his oratorical gifts than to misrepresent a great historic character. ABRAHAM LINCOLN had much experience of the use of patronage. But a few days after the fall of Richmond he pointed out to a friend the crowd of office-seekers besieging his door, and said: "Look at that. Now we have conquered the rebellion; but here you see something that may become more dangerous to this republic than the rebellion itself." It was the spoils system that ABRAHAM LINCOLN meant in speaking this word of warning; and that spoils system will not cease to be a source of danger and disgrace until it is totally wiped out. Is it too much to hope that President MCKINLEY, obeying his best impulses, will, for his own salvation and that of the republic, strike the decisive blow?

CARL SCHURZ.

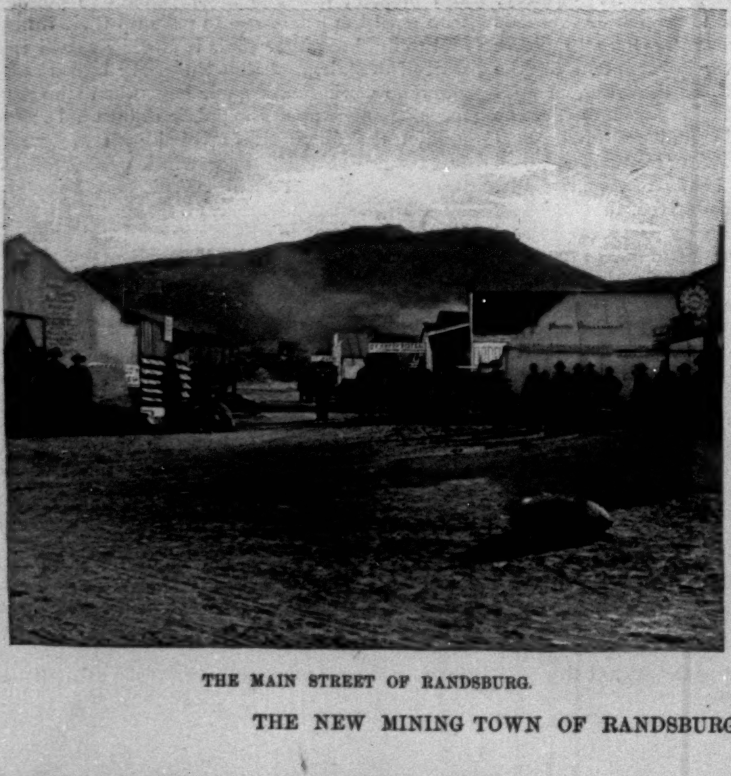


A BIT OF RANDSBURG, FROM THE HILL-SIDE.

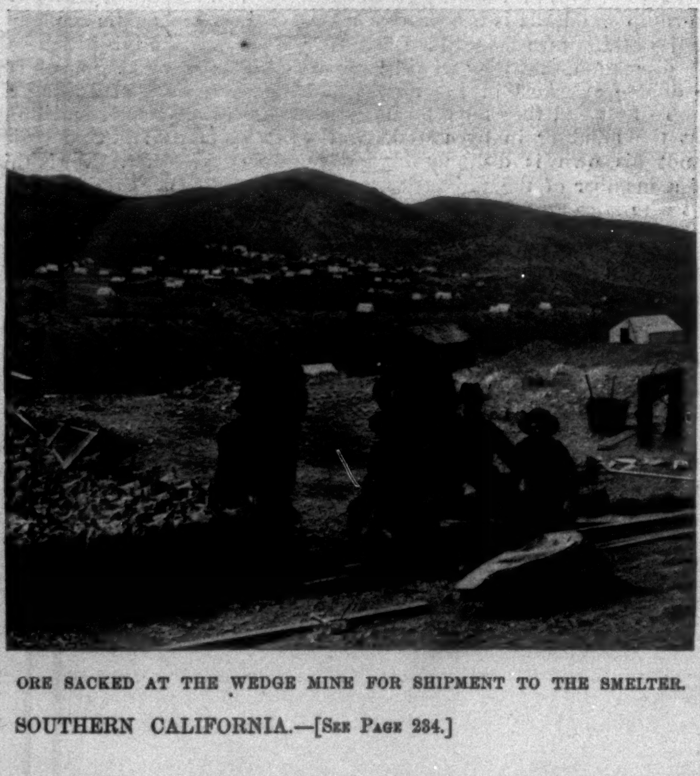
A DRY WASHER IN OPERATION AT RANDSBURG.



TWO HUNDRED FEET IN THE RAND MINE.

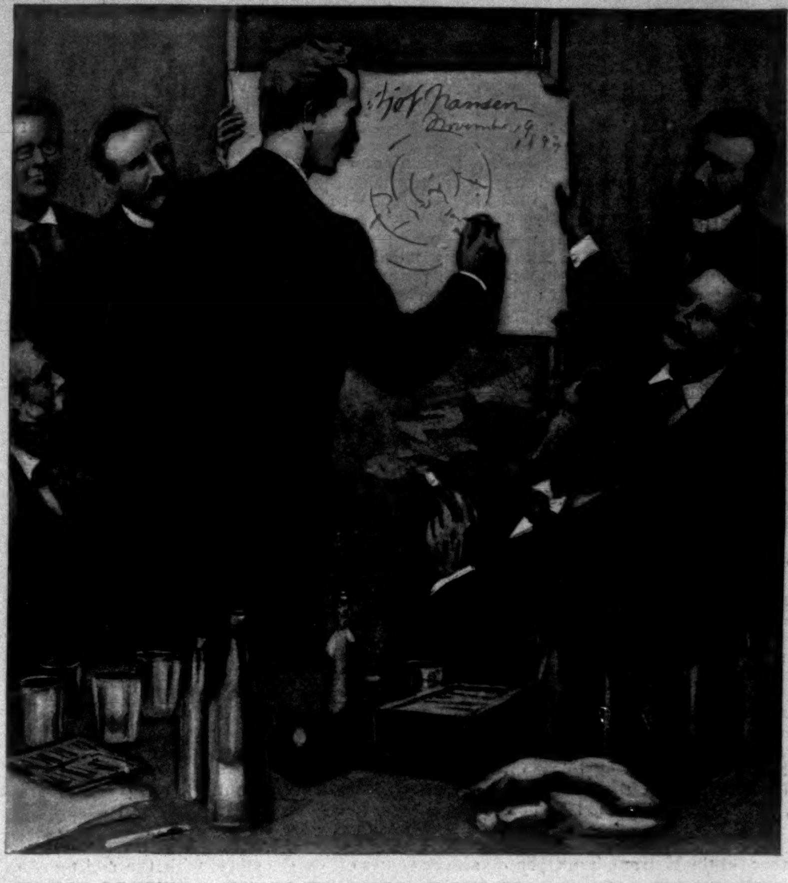


THE MAIN STREET OF RANDSBURG.

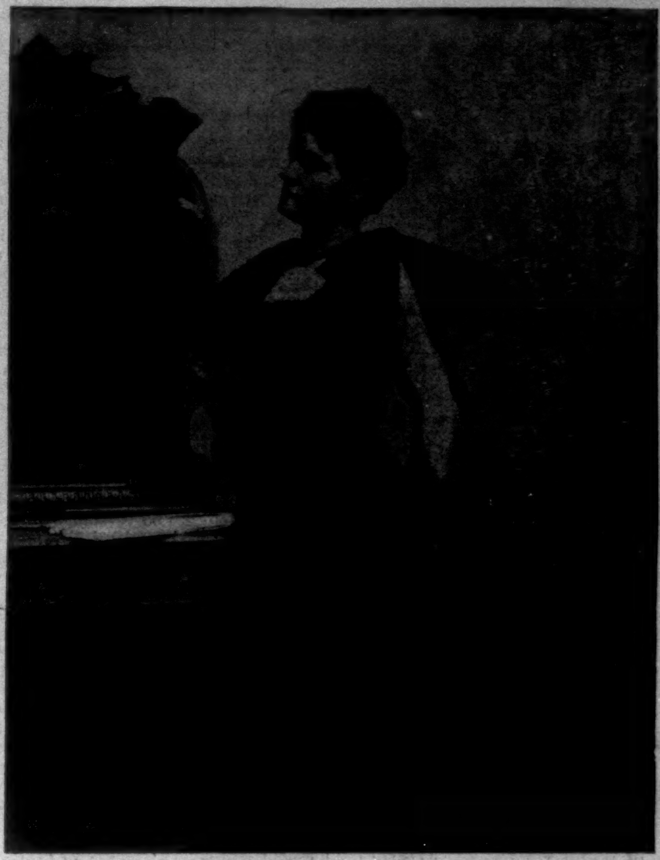


ORE SACKED AT THE WEDGE MINE FOR SHIPMENT TO THE SMELTER.

THE NEW MINING TOWN OF RANDSBURG, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 234.]



NANSEN DRAWING A MAP OF HIS ROUTE AT THE DINNER GIVEN HIM BY THE SAVAGE CLUB, LONDON, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.



MRS. NANSEN.

Thomas Bryant, Ex-Pres. R. C. of Surgeons. Lord Lister, Pres. Royal Society. The Danish Minister. Sir Clements Markham, President of the Club. The Swedish Minister. Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock.

Dr. John Murray. Admiral Sir George Nares. Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford. Dr. Nansen. Cardinal Vaughan. Lieut. Scott-Hansen, Chief of Nansen's Scientific Staff.

"TO THE HEALTH OF DR. NANSEN."—THE ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB BANQUET, LONDON, FEBRUARY 5, 1897.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *February 10, 1897.*

It is worth while being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society on a Nansen night, as I discovered to my huge satisfaction on the evening of the 8th, when with twelve thousand others I crowded into one of the largest auditoriums in the world for the sole purpose of cheering the plucky Norwegian for the perils he has survived. Every American visiting London remembers the gorgeous monument to Prince Albert, so suggestive of Oriental idolatry. The Albert Hall is the huge circular building opposite to it. It is associated in my mind with the Roman Coliseum and the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle. For half a mile before we reached its doors we seemed to be in a procession made up of every wheeled vehicle of the metropolis, concentrating on one point. As the night was characteristically rainy, I calculated that at least five thousand horses were employed in dragging the wheels of those who came to honor Nansen. Had Albert Hall seated ten times twelve thousand people the scene would have been the same, only ten times more so.

The hall was brilliantly lighted, and my eyes are strong, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could distinguish such familiar figures as those of the Prince of Wales and the President of the society. The audience had no more individuality to me than the regiments and divisions of the German army when sixty thousand men are massed within a few acres for the purposes of a review.

On either side of me, in the boxes, sat ladies dressed as for the opera, whose escorts looked like men given to thinking seriously. From such generalization as is possible to one who could see but a very small fraction of the whole, I venture to think that the audience which gave Nansen his first official greeting represented a large share of our accumulated knowledge in science, art, commerce, and literature. The Royal Geographical Society does for England what our Geographical Society in Twenty-ninth Street does for America, each according to its means and opportunities. There are about four thousand Fellows on the London society's list, and in its treasury are ample funds for the encouragement of scientific travellers. Its meetings are usually held in its own building, behind the Royal Academy, but on special occasions it hires the largest hall that can be secured. When Stanley came back from Africa, Albert Hall had to be engaged, but since then no geographical record has been made comparable to Nansen's. Stanley was an American citizen, though he has since made himself an Englishman. It is

worth noting that the two greatest geographical celebrations held in London in these latter days have been occasioned by non-English explorers. This serves to illustrate an excellent side of English character—the unselfish and generous applause he is willing to give to such as have honestly earned it.

The presence of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York gave this meeting of the Geographical Society some of the quality inseparable from a courtly function. It was significant that the sovereign of this empire should command the heir to the throne to participate in such a function as this, dressed in the plain evening dress of the average English gentleman, and exercising privileges, not by virtue of royal prerogative, but as an official in this learned society. I try to picture a corresponding event in the capitals of the military great powers, but I cannot do so without conjuring up an array of helmets, sabres, uniforms, and grand-marshals of ceremonies whose duty it is to see that vulgar mortals do not breathe too near the atmosphere of royalty. Such a scene as I witnessed in Albert Hall would have been simply impossible in Berlin, even under a monarch so intelligent and alive to geographical expansion as William II. The Kaiser himself would have relished playing the part of the Prince of Wales on this occasion, but not in Germany. In England the Prince of Wales is a gentleman amongst gentlemen, but in Germany the Kaiser has to be a soldier over a people who don't know what a gentleman is until he buckles on a sword.

Nansen is a Viking come to life, that we, latter-day degenerates, may have a taste of the blood that bounded in our ancestors. The best type of white manhood that I know is to be found far up along the Norwegian coast, amongst those hardy Norsemen who sail their open boats out into the storms of the Atlantic, and do daily deeds of courage that are unnoticed because so common. If we could imagine the Apollo Belvedere looking less like a flabby flunky, and more like a boating-man in training, we could get near to appreciating the manly beauty of this explorer. His shoulders and head and neck are so well proportioned and poised that I found myself merely staring at him with no other feeling than delight in the proportions of a perfect man. As he stood by the Prince of Wales, receiving the costly gold medal which had been struck in his honor, we could note how greatly he towered over those about him; nor is the Prince of Wales a singularly short man.

Nansen left upon me the impression of a singularly harmonious mind, reposing in and controlling a singularly harmonious body. In Irving's *Life of Washington* there is a picture of a tall, dignified, self-contained, self-controlling, and yet enthusiastic gentleman, who inspired confidence and affection wherever he chose to seek it, and who occupied the leading place in his country's history merely because he lived and died faithful to his moral ideals. Such is the impression left by this Norwegian—an impression created by a dozen things which he did not say or do. He did not brag; he did not criticise others; he claimed nothing, but spoke as though his gallant crew had selected him as their mouthpiece to tell, in simplest language, the facts of their long cruise in the Arctic. Nansen's voice is like music, rich and deep. It would carry for miles, and reach a sailor on the royal in a gale of wind, yet can modulate to a melodious cadence, as, for instance, when, last night, he told about his Christmas spent in a stone hut, constructed by himself and his only companion; when his thoughts reverted to the Christmas tree at home, and the little children clapping their hands and dancing about in happy anticipation. There was not a creature in Albert Hall that could not hear every word that fell from his lips, and this without the slightest raising or straining of his natural voice. Throughout the evening I kept marvelling at his constant exhibition of modesty and good taste in the selection and treatment of his episodes. He had a hundred opportunities for tactless remarks, but he never utilized a single one. Had he been reared in diplomacy he could not have more pleased those who listened. There was in his delivery no sign of embarrassment, no hurrying, no repetition, none of the dreary dragging so common on these occasions.

It was no surprise to hear Nansen discoursing in English, for from my experience of Norwegians I am inclined to think that the proportion of people in that country who speak English is larger than in any other country of the world. The American in Norway will probably understand most of the people he is apt to meet there better than he would the peasants of many parts of the British Islands, notably Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Every Norwegian is directly or indirectly connected with boats, and the proportion of those who have sailed in American yachts or English merchantmen is very large indeed. But the remarkable part of Nansen's performance was that in his English discourse, lasting more than an hour, there was not a single adjective too many, not a single term obscure, not a single sentence that was not direct, forcible, and complete. I venture to think that few Englishmen of letters could have produced a literary composition so creditable to their mother-tongue as did this Dr. Nansen in a language not his own.

We often say of a friend that he speaks a foreign language like his mother-tongue; but in most cases, if not in all, this is more complimentary than truthful. I have met many such people, who, reared in the diplomatic profession, have shown complete fluency in reading and writing other languages, but in no case have I known them to deceive an educated person. For my part I have no sympathy with an American's ambition to speak like an Englishman, or like a Frenchman, or like a German. Many people told me that Nansen spoke English like an Englishman, but that is absurd, unless reference is made to some English tribe which I have not yet met. Nansen discloses his Scandinavian origin the moment he opens his mouth. His mere pronunciation of the famous *Fram* reveals him a Scandinavian, and he cannot pronounce a single "o" or "u" without betraying the force of the mother-tongue. Can we not all recall the beautiful Modjeska, the Polish actress, who charmed us with an English all her own? Those who heard her would not have exchanged her English for any other, and I am sure this is also our feeling about Nansen. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

IN the minds of American theatre-goers the character of Meg Merrilies is associated almost exclusively with the name of Charlotte Cushman, the greatest of American tragic actresses; but that famous artist had numerous predecessors in the rôle, Scott's novel having been dramatized very soon after its publication. As early as 1816 the drama found its way to this country, and it was given in that year at the old Park Theatre. Mrs. Aldis was the original Meg in America. One may be a comparatively young play-goer and yet remember Miss Cushman's impressive impersonation, but she created the character as early as 1837. One naturally associates such a character as this picturesque beldam with actresses who have lost the charm and grace essential to the Juliets and Imogens. Miss Cushman was a young woman when she first played Meg, but then Miss Cushman never possessed the fatal gift of beauty. It is startling to think of the beautiful Miss Rehan as the gaunt and wrinkled gypsy, and yet it may be predicted that the performance will be one of the greatest artistic successes of her career. In stature and voice she is admirably adapted to the part. The version which Mr. Daly has made of *Guy Mannering* is entitled *The Witch of Durncleugh*, and it differs considerably from the familiar dramatization. One innovation is the prologue, in which Meg is shown as a young woman. This should be very effective dramatically, and it will have the further advantage of giving Miss Rehan a chance to prove the artificiality of her wrinkles in the later acts, to demonstrate that she is not forced by Father Time to give up Rosalind and to play the harridan. It appears that Mr Daly has had this idea of a prologue in mind for a number of years. In fact he was to have written it for Charlotte Cushman's farewell performances, and would have done so but for the breaking off of negotiations by which he was to have been Miss Cushman's manager. The revival at Daly's is to enlist all the principal members of the company, and introduced music is to be a feature of importance.

The recent tragic occurrence at the Metropolitan Opera-House—the sudden death of M. Castelmary, almost in the presence of the audience—suggests a number of similar incidents in the history of the stage. One of the most startling of these death scenes occurred in 1817 in a theatre at Leeds. *Jane Shore* was the play. An actor named Cummins, who played the part of Dumont, had just repeated the benedictory words:

> Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts:
> Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
> Accords to thee and begs of Heaven to show thee,
> May such befall me at my latest hour.

As the last word left his lips he fell upon the stage and instantly expired. The curtain was rung down and the audience dismissed. Harley, the comedian, died while playing the rôle of Bottom, immediately after uttering the line, "I feel an exposition of sweet sleep come over me." John Palmer, an eminent actor of the last century, was another who died on the stage. He was playing in Liverpool, in *The Stranger*, when word was brought him of the death of his son. Though profoundly affected, he continued his performance. In the fourth act of the play occurs a scene in which Palmer's lines referred to a father's love for his children. While speaking these lines the actor was seen to be greatly agitated. The speech concludes with the words, "There is another and a better world," and when he had spoken this line Palmer fell lifeless. The audience thought he was acting and gave him a round of applause. A similar case was that of an actor named Peterson, who, while performing at the Norwich Theatre, died after speaking these lines:

> Reason thus with life:
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep.

It is well known that Molière died during a performance of his own comedy *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in which the poet was sustaining the leading part. Edmund Kean's death was nearly as tragic as his life. The last part that he played was Othello. His son Charles was the Iago. After speaking the line "Othello's occupation's gone," he leaned for support upon the younger actor, crying: "I am dying. Speak to them, Charles." The curtain was rung down, and the greatest of English tragedians never spoke upon the stage again.

A rather curious lawsuit was that brought by a Philadelphia manager against Robert Taber and Julia Marlowe. When Miss Marlowe married Mr. Taber she added his name to her own in the advertisements, appearing in print as Julia Marlowe-Taber. Shortly after her marriage the actress played in Philadelphia, was advertised by her married name, and the audiences not being of profitable proportions, the manager declared that Mrs. Taber's value as a "star" was not equal to that of Miss Marlowe "as was." A suit for damages resulted. The court decided that an artist's value to her manager is not necessarily depreciated by matrimony and the use of her married name, and the impresario was nonsuited. Mrs. Taber, however, seems to differ from the opinion of the learned judge, for since the legal episode she has dropped the Taber from her name and is advertised as Julia Marlowe. Mr. and Mrs. Taber are two young players of whom much may be hoped and expected. Both have more than ordinary talent, and also possess the pluck to devote their efforts to drama of the better class. They even dare to play Shakespeare, a poet whose present popularity seems to be confined to the small towns (unless, indeed, Sir Henry Irving be sponsor for the bard). An interesting novelty which the Tabers have introduced is *For Bonnie Prince Charlie*, the romantic play which they brought out at Wallack's. The piece is an adaptation made by Mr. J. I. C. Clark from François Coppée's novel *Les Jacobites*. The adventures of the last of the Stuarts have been utilized in light opera recently, and another play with the title *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, which was to have been brought out by Mr. Sothern, was announced not long ago as the work of Miss Margaret Merrington. The atmosphere of the present play is highly romantic, and several of the scenes are of considerable dramatic power. The piece is also strong in characterization, and Mr. Clark's dialogue is carefully written. Mr. Taber, who plays Romeo to the Juliet of his charming wife, appears in the present drama as an old blind Highlander, and Mrs. Taber enacts a heroine of the Flora McDonald sort. Both succeed so well as to suggest that they should devote their efforts to romantic plays of the picturesque order now so popular.

HARRY B. SMITH.

Sardou's new play, *Spiritisme*, reminds one of those *jeux d'esprit* in which people are given a subject, and set their brains to work to make what they can out of it. Sardou's subject was spiritualism, and my first impression of the play was pure surprise at the cleverness with which he had handled all the threads—the *données*—at his disposition; pure admiration for the dexterity of the playwright. Sardou says he believes in spiritualism, and he considers it a hopeful sign of the times that a play that ten years ago in Paris would have excited nothing but *blague*, would have simply been turned into ridicule, now wins a respectful hearing. Perhaps one might answer M. Sardou that Sarah Bernhardt and her theatre win anywhere, nowadays, a more than respectful hearing; but be that as it may, *Spiritisme* none the less remains intensely curious, and interesting enough to be taken into account. The outline of it is this:

A certain savant has a wife. As this savant is so entirely absorbed in his various *savanteries*—if one may coin the expression—in his Buddhisme, his theosophisme, his spiritisme, and all his other ismes, as occasionally to neglect this wife, whom he profoundly loves, it goes without saying, as the scene passes at St. Jean de Luz, in a French environment, and the wife is Sarah Bernhardt, that she develops a fancy for another man. This man is Stondza, a Servian, and, though the two do not necessarily go together, an adventurer. At the moment the play opens, the wife, under pretext of taking a journey with her friend the Countess Thecla, is actually about to join Stondza in his villa, to pass the night there, and to take the train the following day to meet Thecla.

This project she carries out. Stondza accompanies the two women to the station, the husband letting him go all the more willingly that he himself is about to try a séance with a new medium, Dr. Davidson, a Scotchman. This séance comes off on the stage, with the assistance of the people left in the salon—two pretty women and three or four men. The spirits come, when invoked, from the vasty deep, and spell out the word "Open." "Open what—the desk?" "No." "The door?" "No." "The window?" "Yes." The window is opened, and the sky is seen to be in a blaze of red light. The servants rush in and announce a railroad accident, a collision, with the train on fire. It is the train that Simonne, the wife, was to have taken, and the husband, D'Aubenas, followed by all his guests, rushes to the scene of the disaster.

So much for the first act, and our first, and, I was almost going to write, let us hope our last, introduction to spiritualism on the stage. The scene is filled with extremely clever polemics between the medium and a little French doctor, who embodies the sceptical scientific attitude towards spiritualism—the type of man who will not even investigate the subject, for fear of being obliged to change his opinion, and who is one of the best drawn figures of the play; but from a dramatic stand-point it leaves us cold.

Habitual play-goers will easily foresee the development of the second act, which leaves spiritualism quite out of its horizon, and is a magnificent piece of drama, masterfully played by Sarah Bernhardt. The bodies of the Countess Thecla and the *femme de chambre* are discovered among the débris of the ruined train, with Simonne's jewels, which, by one of those coincidences peculiar to dramas of the type of Sardou's, had been given into the *femme de chambre's* charge, and of course every one supposes the wife dead. She gets the news of the accident the morning after in Stondza's villa, to read her own name in the newspaper as among the missing. When her grief-stricken husband comes, before the discovery of the jewels, with Cousin Valentin and two friends, to inquire if by chance Stondza cannot give him some hope that Simonne may have taken another train, the miserable wife is in hiding in the next room. How is she to leave there? How is she to reappear to her friends? Better die to the world altogether. She will take refuge in Servia with Stondza; her husband's pure grief shall never be troubled by the knowledge of her unworthiness.

But refuge in Servia with a penniless woman is something that does not enter into Stondza's philosophy. Simonne is rich in her own right; she can divorce and claim her dowry, which Stondza can enjoy if they are married. The revelation of his mercenary nature is crushing to Simonne, and never has Sarah Bernhardt been finer in a purely dramatic scene than in the transition from an outraged passionate tragedy queen, furious at having betrayed herself so unworthily, to a simple broken-hearted wife, realizing all she has lost, with the tears trickling one by one down her cheeks, as she stands and draws the curtain aside at the window to hear the De Profundis that is sung over the body of her friend, and to watch her husband as he follows it broken-hearted.

In the last act Valentin the cousin has saved Simonne, and has promised to reconcile her with her husband. Here Sardou manœuvres the spiritualistic wires most cleverly. D'Aubenas has gone to the villa by the sea-side in Brittany where he and Simonne lived when they were first married, in the hope that her spirit will visit him there. His sister's spirit makes him an automatic communication that Simonne will appear to him on the following night. Valentin hears of this, and in a deep bay-window flooded with moonlight against the sea D'Aubenas beholds the vision of his wife—her astral body, as he believes. Simonne has her husband's assurance that he could forgive her anything were she only back in life, and she throws herself in his arms.

This is the whole of this curious play, only interesting in itself, I think, from the initiative it takes in a new world, and, as it seemed to me in the beginning, as a clever exhibition of play-writing. Our minds must unconsciously follow a logic with which we are familiar to have a sequence of events make a dramatic impression upon us.

KATHARINE DE FOREST.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Professor Adler's Lowell lectures in Boston on "The Ethics of Marriage" have been very fully reported in some of the Boston papers, and will doubtless be earnestly sifted and discussed in the Boston clubs, particularly the women's clubs. One point that Dr. Adler made in one of these lectures was that the purpose of marriage was not happiness, but development. Very likely that was his way of recommending a praiseworthy institution to a community with a Puritan passion for self-denial. It is easily conceivable that a Boston mind which would naturally shy at any proposition which aimed merely at personal satisfaction might view with much less distrust the same proposition when disguised as a project for self-improvement. To be sure, Dr. Adler pointed out that the marriages which best serve the end of mutual development are the ones which yield the most happiness, but there was no harm in that, for even Boston is not so austere as to abjure such casual compensations as may be incident to the accomplishment of a high aim.

Dr. Adler believes in woman suffrage, but can understand the feelings of persons who are in no haste to see it tried. He himself thinks that the sudden admission of a lot of women voters would increase that emotionalism of American politics which Secretary Gage considers the greatest danger in American life. He illustrated this possibility in a Boston lecture by the case of Miss Frances Willard, "who has the admiration and respect of the whole country, is at the head of a masterpiece of organization, and wants to vote for the sake of promoting the nationalization of business, the abolition of representative government, the enactment of prohibitory laws, and the free coinage of silver." So he said, as reported in the veracious *Transcript*. Is it possible that Miss Willard really advocates all these violent and upsetting changes?

Two pews in the Madison Square Church, belonging to the estate of some person deceased, were advertised to be sold at auction last Tuesday. In this privilege of the posthumous sale of sittings consists one of the advantages which church members have over club members. In no modern club in this country is it possible to purchase more than a life interest. A member, or any one, may buy and hold the bonds of a club, but he cannot control a sitting in it except for so long as he personally occupies it; and he cannot occupy it—no, no matter how many bonds he may own—except by the admissions committee's consent. How different it is with a church where pews may be owned outright. Such pews, as a rule, are originally the property of pious persons who own them in consideration of money given to build the church; but when they are put up for sale, as happens often, the highest bidder takes them, and the new owner occupies them at his pleasure. If the congregation should blackball him, no doubt the sheriff would put him in possession. The pews are his, and so long as he maintains a churchmanlike demeanor he has a right to sit under all the preaching that the pews command. The Madison Square Church is Dr. Parkhurst's. There was nothing, apparently, except disinclination, or absence, or the hard times, to hinder Mr. Croker from going to the sale last Tuesday and bidding in Pew No. 113 (body of church on south side), while Mr. Purroy or the Messrs. Sheehan or Mr. Dana bought Pew No. 130 (wall pew on the south side). Of course it would have done no harm if that had happened, but rather good, for the Tammany gentlemen would have bought the right to hear some strenuous preaching, and Dr. Parkhurst would have gained some good targets. But suppose an analogous system obtained in the clubs, and two vacancies occurred in the Knickerbocker Club, and were bought up in the interest of abstinence and sport by Miss Frances Willard and John Lawrence Sullivan—what consternation would ensue! Obviously the pew-selling churches are hardier than the clubs, and can stand rougher treatment. But, for all that, the sale of pews at auction to close a decedent's estate is a queer practice, and one that is not likely to lap over very far into the millennium.

Mr. Cuthbert Mills, in a letter to the Weekly, has something to say about Mr. Julian Ralph's suggestions (in the Weekly of January 23) as to the origin of certain words and expressions current in speech in the tenement-house districts of New York. Mr. Ralph suggests the derivation of "copper," meaning policeman, from the copper badges that policemen used to wear. Mr. Mills rejects this theory.

When I was a boy (he says) we frequently used the word "cop" in the sense of catch, with the implication that the thing caught would be unpleasant—*i.e.*, a thrashing—as "You'll cop it," for some misdeed. Here, then, we have "cop" indicating the function of the policeman, to catch, to arrest. This points to the true derivation of the word, and "copper" is used both in England and here to designate an officer whose first duty is to arrest. There were also used in London the terms "Bobby" and "Peeler," from the fact that the act of Parliament establishing the London constabulary force was the work of Sir Robert Peel; but these nicknames have almost died out, and are destined to do so entirely, for they are local and incidental; while "copper" is any officer charged with police duties, the name being expressive of the function.

Another use of the word, which it would be interesting to trace, is where it becomes a verb, "to copper," in the sense of doing the opposite to something suggested to be done. For example, in the region of Wall Street we may "get a point" to buy or sell a certain stock. One who gets the point infers from certain circumstances that it is valuable as a guide for doing just the opposite. If advised to sell, he buys; if to buy, he sells. He is then said to "copper the point"; he may say of his own action that he "thought it was a good point to copper." Here we have only a remote suggestion of arresting or stopping something; but remote as it is, there is yet enough to indicate that the word is the same as that designating an officer charged with the duty of making arrests.

My own idea is that the word will be found originally in Latin. In a hasty search I have not been able satisfactorily to trace it there, but a Latin scholar may be able to find it with little difficulty. If not in Latin, then a search in the Anglo-Saxon should discover it. Probably it will be found in both, coming down to us from the Latin through the Anglo-Saxon.

If Mr. Mills thinks that "cop" can be derived from the Latin *capio*, he is welcome to the use of that verb.

Mr. Ralph thought that "growler," as the name of the can, pitcher, or pail which is sent to the corner saloon for the family beer might result either from the grumbling of unwilling messengers or from the altercations that often followed the consumption of the beer. Mr. Mills differs. He thinks that "'growler' probably comes to us through the Norman French, which again may be traced back to Latin. The old four-wheeled cabs in London are called 'growlers.' In this case the word is applied to a vehicle; in the other, to a vessel. The original must be looked for in that direction. The original 'growler' is some sort of vessel or receptacle for carrying, and I think it would not take a long search to come upon it."

Mr. Mills adds:

While on this subject of slang one may point out that a word which is used here as slang has been forgotten in England—the word "scoot." It survives in polite speech as "scout," meaning to reject with scorn—as, "He scouted the idea"; but the vulgar form of scoot has passed out of use in England. In the old ballad of "The Battle of Otterburn" Earl Percy is said to have "schooted his horse away"—that is, when he determined to fight without retreat, he dismounted and drove off his horse. A late English reprint of this ballad prints "shot his horse away," which is an absurdity. He "scooted" his horse is the real meaning, and the word was then as respectable as "scout" is now. In the same ballad, I believe, the verb "to scrap," meaning to fight, may be found, although this is rendered doubtful by "swapped" being used in a repetition of the same line where "scrapped" previously appeared. It is in the description of the fight between Percy and Douglass.

The composite structure of the English language makes it necessary to search in all the languages from which it is derived when looking for the originals of our slang expressions. Latin gives a great many, as "togs" for clothes and "pannim" for bread, while some of the coarsest words in the English tongue, words which have disappeared from print (if ever they appeared in it), but which still live in speech, are directly derived from the Norwegian. They came in with the Danish pirates.

If any one—Mr. Moody, for example—thinks harsh thoughts of President Jordan of Stanford University for what he is reported to have said in derogation of revivals, he is advised, before he allows his displeasure to become fixed, to try to find out what Dr. Jordan really did say. The *Daily Palo Alto* avers that the San Francisco reporters who undertook to report President Jordan's address at Oakland garbled it so that the report does great injustice to his opinions.

The author of *America and the Americans from a French Point of View* (Scribner's), who may or may not be a Frenchman, after expressing views more candid than complimentary about the helter-skelter way in which matter seems to him to be shovelled into some of the American newspapers, alludes, though not by name, to one morning newspaper in New York which is edited so that, whatever one thinks of its tone, "the logical mind is satisfied with its sense of proportion and its terse expressions and clear English." Then he adds:

The Americans have an illustrated weekly, called, I believe, Harper's Weekly, which is far superior to anything of the kind in Europe, and their beautifully illustrated monthly magazines have no rival, even, anywhere in the world.

To much the same purport is the comment of a reader of the Weekly who writes from Göttingen, Germany, chiefly to complain of the excesses of some of the American newspapers that he sees, and which seem to him to attempt the impossible and accomplish the intolerable. He wishes that they would take example from such papers as the London *Times*, in so far as to stick to their legitimate business and to turn their enterprise and freedom of opportunity to real account. Then he goes on to say:

The American magazines make just the opposite impression on us Americans over here. We are more proud of them than ever. Harper's Weekly is a great favorite with the students in Göttingen, who drop in in small groups, into the Café, and inquire anxiously whether the next number has arrived. They are all college graduates, and one hears a great deal of football, and college sports generally, discussed over Whitney's columns. There are Harvard and Princeton and Yale and Pennsylvania men here, and football gives them something to dispute over, which the election didn't, as almost everybody was of the same political opinion.

It appears that New York is to have a preacher of uncommon distinction and promise in the Rev. Samuel McComb, who has been called to the pastorate of the Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church, at Seventy-third Street and the Riverside Boulevard, and enters upon his duties in September. He is a Scotch-Irishman, thirty-three years old, born in Londonderry, and a graduate with the highest honors of Magee College in that city. After a year in the Assembly College at Belfast, where he took high rank, he received the degree of B.D. from the theological faculty of Ireland, and in 1888 was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Londonderry. After a year in study at Leipsic, he remained three years in charge of a church at Reading, England, during which period he took a B.A. degree at Oxford, with honors in theology and philosophy, and read a prize essay before the university. After preaching for a year at Armagh, Ireland, he was called to Premier Church of Belfast, at Elmwood, where his labors, continuing until last December, are said to have been superlatively successful. Being appointed to deliver a course of lectures at Magee College on the Philosophy of Religion, he determined to take a course of study at Berlin, and to that end resigned his charge in Belfast. His call to New York is the result of a visit which he made to this country before going to Germany, in the course of which he preached so much to the satisfaction of a parson-hunting committee of the Rutgers Church, that they recommended him warmly to their congregation, and an offer was made to him which he accepted.

It seems to be deserving of momentary consideration how far a contemporary New-Yorker is to be known by the office building he affects. Does the fact of his having an office in the Presbyterian Building afford ground for any inference whatever as to his personal beliefs or leanings, or the perpendicularity of his standards? Would Colonel Ingersoll be accepted as a tenant of the Tract Society Building if he paid his rent in advance and agreed not to burn sulphur in his office? Does tenancy of quarters in the Bible House imply confidence in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and is it, on the whole, lucky for Dr. Lyman Abbott's respected *Outlook* that its editorial offices are not in that edifice?

It was questioned, only half seriously, in a recent paragraph in the Weekly, whether the illiteracy which Congress desired to make a ground for the exclusion of immigrants might not be an advantage in so far as it kept new-comers to New York from becoming patrons of the "new journalism." "Ouida," the novelist (Louise de la Ramée), makes the same point, but with much more emphasis. She lately wrote to Secretary Olney about the bill to exclude immigrants who cannot read, and declared that the Italians whom it would shut out are the best and most laborious Italians who come here, while those whom it would let in are "youth corrupted, emasculated, diseased, through cheap journalism, bad tobacco, and the enforced physical idleness of the schools." She adds:

In Italy the peasantry are almost entirely illiterate; yet they are the only class which can give immigrants of any value. I have had many men in my employ. I have invariably found those who could not read ten times more industrious, temperate, intelligent, and honest than those corrupted by the trumpery education of schools.

"Ouida" has lived in Italy most of her life, and when she speaks of Italian peasants it is reasonable to surmise that she speaks with full knowledge of her subject. There are other immigrants, however, besides the Italians, whom it might be profitable to exclude, even if they *are* illiterate.

The wish to establish at Harvard a memorial of the late Professor Child is to be realized. Nearly $10,000 has been subscribed toward a fund for a memorial library of books relating to English literature for the use of students in the English courses. Many valuable books have also been given. The fund is to be turned over to the corporation and the interest expended for the memorial library.

When Dr. Nansen was in London in November, 1892, he made a speech at the Savage Club, in which he said he would probably be gone five years. At its close, at the suggestion of Mr. Douglas Sladen, who was in the chair, he was asked to write his name and the date on the wall behind the chairman's seat, which he did, and the signature was varnished and covered with glass. On his recent visit to London he was entertained again at the same club, with Mr. J. Scott Keltie in the chair. After dinner, the glass being removed from his former signature, at the chairman's request he took a pencil and just above his earlier signature wrote his name, "Fridtjof Nansen, February 6, '97," and drew a rough map of the north polar region, marking upon it the highest point he reached, 86° N., and the date on which he arrived there, April 8, 1895. A picture of the scene is given on another page of this week's Weekly.

Of Dr. Nansen's wife, whose portrait is given in this number of the Weekly, not much information has found its way into print. She seems to have a very imperfectly developed taste for publicity, but what is known of her is interesting, and indicates that she is an uncommon woman, both in talent and character. It is recorded by Dr. Nansen's biographers, Brögger and Rolfsen, that his first meeting with his future wife was in the woods about Frogner Seator, where, one day, observing the soles of two feet sticking up out of the snow, he approached them, with natural curiosity, in time to see the head of Eva Sars emerge from a snow-bank. Dr. Nansen was married in 1889, after his return from his successful expedition across Greenland. When he started in the *Fram* in 1893, his wife, left at home at Lysaker, near Christiania, with one child, turned for occupation to the development and use of her gifts as a singer, and with notable success. King Oscar of Sweden is one of her admirers, and especially likes her singing, which he has often heard, and since she has been in England the compliment has been paid her of asking her to sing before the Queen. She is a stanch backer of her adventurous husband, whose departure on his perilous errand cost her anxieties and misgivings as to which she said little at the time. Since her husband's return she has sometimes spoken in conversation of her fears, and has said that careful comparison of Dr. Nansen's diary with her record or remembrance of her own sensations bears her out in the belief that the times when she was the most concerned about him were the seasons of his greatest peril. That implies a telepathic communication born of intense sympathy and solicitude, the possibility of which science seems no longer disposed to deny. Mrs. Nansen's father was Professor Sars, a well-known zoologist. Zoology, it will be remembered, is a branch of science of which Dr. Nansen has made a special study.

Agitation wakes people up, and if it continues long enough, it is apt to wake up some people who are able to give notable evidence of having been roused. The slavery agitation did that. Stirring times are not good for business, but they do develop men. Kansas has been agitated with great thoroughness for the last four or five years, and most of the Kansans are awake. It accords with reasonable expectation that among them there should be some men who were worth rousing, and were stirred up to good purpose. Some excellent newspaper-writing came out of Kansas during the last campaign, and was copied greedily into the Eastern papers as being so vigorous, so sensible, and so humorously entertaining as to excite hopes that the leaven of discernment which of course has always existed in Kansas was developing strength enough to raise the whole pan of Populist dough. Some of the most approved of these deliverances came from the Emporia *Gazette*, the editor of which, Mr. William A. White, survived the campaign, and made an address about three weeks ago before the Ohio Republican League at Zanesville. Mr. White's talk, as reported by a Cleveland paper, is of the same quality as his editorial writings. His speech, which is not less edifying than amusing, included an explanation of the predicament of Kansas, a refutation of prevailing errors as to the average sanity of her people, and a statement of the grounds on which hopes of her speedy reclamation may be based. Mr. White says that Kansas has only been a very little more Populistic than most of the other Western States, but that for six or seven years it has been under a spell of demagogues. At the last election it came within a few thousand votes of breaking the spell, and Mr. White thinks that to have made such a record after a seven years' course of hysteria was a thing to be respectfully admired. As to the Populists, he says, "They can't beat us again for money, marbles, or chalk." Cain, he says, was the first Populist.

"When he saw that his brother's gift was acceptable to God, and that his own gift was not acceptable, Cain did what every Kansas Populist would do, what every Ohio Populist would do, and what every Nebraska Populist would justify in glowing rhetoric. Instead of getting out and hustling for a better offering, Cain got a club and went after his more diligent and successful brother—just what the Populist to-day is doing. Gentlemen, from the tree that grew the club of Cain has come every plank in the Chicago platform."

It is possible that Mr. White has a little too pronounced a literary sense to make a superlatively successful politician, but he certainly seems admirably qualified to be a useful Kansas editor "at the present time."

E. S. Martin.

A GRAND-BANKER IN A HURRICANE—PICKING UP THE LAST DORY.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XII.

NOW the warfare of life had fairly begun for little Jerome Edwards. Up to this time, although in sorry plight enough as far as material needs went—scantily clad, scantily fed, and worked hard—he had as yet only followed at an easy pace, or skirted with merry play the march of the toilers of the world. Now he was in the rank and file, enlisted thereto by a stern Providence, and must lose his life for the sake of living, like the rest. No more idle hours in the snug hollow of the rock, where he seemed to pause like a bee on the sweets of existence itself that he might taste them fully, were there for Jerome. Very few chances he had for outspeeding his comrades in any but the stern and sober race of life, for this little Mercury had to shear the wings from his heels of youthful sport and take to the gait of labor. Very seldom he could have one of his old treasure-hunts in swamps and woods, unless, indeed, he could perchance make a labor and a gain of it. Jerome found that sassafras, and snakeroot, and various other aromatic roots and herbs of the wilds about his house had their money value. There was an apothecary in the neighboring village of Dale who would purchase them of him; at the cheapest of rates, it is true—a penny or so for a whole peck measure, or a sheaf, of summer—but every penny counted. Poor Jerome did not care so much about his woodland sorties after they were made a matter of pence and shillings, sorely as he needed and much as he wished for the pence and shillings. The sense was upon him, a shamed and helpless one, of selling his birthright. Jerome had in the natural beauty of the earth a budding delight, which was half a mystery and a holiness in itself. It was the first love of his boyish heart; he had taken the green woods and fields for his sweetheart, and must now put her to only sordid uses, to her degradation and his.

Sometimes, in a curious rebellion against what he scarcely knew, he would return home without a saleable thing in hand: nothing but a pretty and useless collection of wild flowers and sedges, little swamp-apples, and perhaps a cast bluebird's feather or two, and meet his mother's stern reproof with righteously undaunted front.

"I don't care," he said once, looking at her with a meaning she could not grasp; nor, indeed, could he fathom it himself. "I ain't goin' to sell everything; if I do I'll have to sell myself."

"I'd like to know what you mean," said his mother, sharply.

"I mean I'm goin' to keep some things myself," said Jerome, and pattered up to his chamber to stow away his treasures, with his mother's shrill tirade about useless truck following him. Ann was a good task mistress; there were, indeed, great powers of administration in the keen, alert mind in that little frail body. Given a poor house encumbered by a mortgage, a few acres of stony land, and two children, the elder only fourteen, she worked miracles almost. Jerome had shown uncommon, almost improbable, ability in his difficulties when Abel had disappeared and her strength had failed her, but afterward her little nervous feminine clutch on the petty details went far toward saving the ship.

Had it not been for his mother, Jerome could not have carried out his own plans. Work as manfully as he might, he could not have paid Squire Merritt his first instalment of interest money, which was promptly done.

It was due the first of November, and, a day or two before, Squire Merritt, tramping across lots, over the fields, through the old plough ridges and corn stubble, with some plump partridges in his bag and his gun over shoulder, made it in his way to stop at the Edwards house and tell Ann that she must not concern herself if the interest money were not ready at the minute it was due.

But Ann laid down her work—she was binding shoes—straightened herself as if her rocking-chair were a throne and she an empress, and looked at him with an inscrutable look of pride and suspicion. The truth was that she immediately conceived the idea that this great fair-haired Squire, with his loud sweet voice and his loud frank laugh and pleasant blue eyes, concealed beneath a smooth exterior, depths of guile. She exchanged, as it were, nods of bitter confidence with herself to the effect that Squire Merritt was trying to make her put off paying the interest money, and pretending to be very kind and obliging, in order that he might the sooner get his clutches on the whole property.

All the horizon of this poor little feminine Ishmael seemed to her bitter fancy to be darkened with hands against her, and she sat on a constant watch-tower of suspicion.

"Elmira," said she, "bring me that stockin'."

Elmira, who also was binding shoes, sitting on a stool before the scanty fire, rose quickly at her mother's command, went into the bedroom, and emerged with an old white yarn stocking hanging heavily from her hand.

"Empty it on the table and show Squire Merritt," ordered her mother, in a tone as if she commanded the resources of the royal treasury to be displayed.

Elmira obeyed. She inverted the stocking, and from it jingled a shower of coin into a pitiful little heap on the table.

"There!" said Ann, pointing at it with a little bony finger. The smallest coins of the realm went to make up the little pile, and the Lord only knew how she and her children had grubbed them together. Every penny there represented more than the sweat of the brow: the sweat of the heart.

Squire Eben Merritt, with some dim perception of the true magnitude and meaning of that little hoard, gained partly through Ann's manner, partly through his own quickness of sympathy, fairly started as he looked at it and her.

"There's twenty-one dollars, all but two shillin's, there," said Ann, with hard triumph. "The two shillin's Jerome is goin' to have to-night. He's been splittin' of kindlin'-wood after school, for your sister, this week, and she's goin' to pay him the same as she did for weedin'. You can take this now, if you want to, or wait and have it all together."

"I'll wait, thank you," replied Eben Merritt. For the moment he felt actually dismayed and ashamed at the sight of his ready interest money. It was almost like having a good deed thrust back in his face and made of no account. He had scarcely expected any payment, certainly none so full and prompt as this.

"I thought I'd let you see you hadn't any cause to feel afraid you wouldn't get it," said Ann, with dignity. "Elmira, you can put the money back in the stockin' now, and put the stockin' back under the feather bed."

Squire Merritt felt like a great schoolboy before this small majestic woman. "I did not feel afraid, Mrs. Edwards," he said, awkwardly.

"I didn't know but you might," said she, scornfully; "people didn't seem to think we could do anything."

"All I wonder at is," said the Squire, rallying a little, "how you managed to get so much money together."

"Do you want to know? Well, I'll tell you. We've bound shoes, Elmira an' me, for one thing. We've took all they would give us. That wa'n't many, for the regular customers had to come first, and I didn't do any in

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

Abel's lifetime—that is, not after I was sick. I used to a while before that. Abel wouldn't let me when we were first married, but he had to come to it. Men can't do all they're willin' to. I shouldn't have done anything but dress in silk, set an' rock, an' work scallops an' eyelets in cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, if Abel had had his say. After I was sick I quit workin' on boots, because the doctor he said it might hurt the muscles of my back to pull the needle through the leather; but there's somethin' besides muscles in backs to be thought of when it comes to keepin' body an' soul together. Two days after the funeral I sent Jerome up to Cyrus Robinson, and told him to ask him if he'd got some extra shoes to bind and close, and he come home with some. Elmira and me bound, and Jerome closed, and we took our pay in groceries. The shoes have fed us, with what we got out of the garden. Then Elmira and me have braided mats and pieced quilts and sewed three rag carpets, and Elmira picked huckleberries and blackberries in season, and sold them to your wife and Miss Camilla and the doctor's wife; and Lawyer Means bought lots of her, and the woman that keeps house for John Jennings bought a lot. Elmira picked bayberries, too, and sold 'em to the shoemaker for tallow; she sold a lot in Dale. Elmira did a good deal of the weeding in your sister's garden, so's to leave Jerome's time clear. Then once when the doctor's wife had company she went over to help wash dishes, and she give her three an' sixpence for that. Elmira said she give it dreadful kind of private, and looked round to be sure the doctor wa'n't within gunshot. She give her a red merino dress of hers, too, but she kept her till after nightfall, and smuggled her out of the back door, with it all done up under her arm, lest the doctor should see. They say she's got dresses she won't never put on her back again—silks an' satins an' woollens—because she's outgrown 'em, an' they're all hangin' up in closets gettin' mothy, an' the doctor won't let her give 'em away. But this dress she give Elmira wa'n't give away, for I sent her back next day to do some extra work to pay for it. I ain't beholden to nobody. Elmira swept and dusted the settin'-room and the spare chamber, and washed the breakfast an' dinner dishes, and I guess she paid for that old dress ample. It had been laid up with camphor in a cedar chest, but it had some moth-holes in it. It wa'n't worth such a great sight, after all.

"Jerome he's worked smart, if I have had to drive him to it sometimes. He's wed and dug potatoes everywhere he could git a chance; he's helped 'bout hayin', an' he's split wood. He's sold some herbs and roots, too, over to Dale. Jake Noyes he put him up to that. He come in here one night an' talked to him real sensible. 'There's money 'nough layin' round loose right under your face an' eyes,' says he; 'all the trouble is you're apt to walk right past, with your nose up in the air. The scent for work an' wages ain't up in the air,' says he; 'it's on the ground.' Jerome he listened real sharp, an' the next day he went off an' got a good passel of boneset an' thoroughwort an' hardback, an' carried it over to Dale, an' sold it for a shilling.

"Elmira has done some spinnin', too; I can't spin much, but she's done well enough. Your wife wants some linen pillow-shifts. Elmira can do the weavin', I guess, an' we can make 'em up together. I've got a job to make some fine shirts for you, too. Your wife come over to see about it this week. I dun'no' but she was gettin' kind of afraid you wouldn't git your interest money no other way; but she needn't have been exercised about it, if she was. We got this interest together without your shirts, an' I guess we can the next. It's been harder work than many folks in this town know anything about, but we've done it." Ann tossed her head with indescribable pride and bitterness. There was scorn of fate itself in the toss of that little head, with its black lace cap and false front, and her speech also was a harangue, reproachful and defiant, against fate, not against her earthly creditor; that she would have disdained.

Squire Eben, however, fully appreciating that, and taking the pictures of pitiful feminine and childish toil which she brought before his fancy as a shame to his great stalwart manhood spending its strength in hunting and fishing and card-playing, looked at the woman binding shoes with painful jerks of little knotted hands—for she ceased not her work one minute for her words—and took the bitter reproach and triumphant scorn in her tone and gesture for himself alone.

He felt ashamed of himself, in his great hunting-boots splashed with swamp mud, his buckskins marred with woodland thorn and thicket, but not a mark of honest toil about him. Had he been in fine broadcloth he would not have felt so humiliated; for the useless labor of play cuts a sorrier figure in the face of genuine work for the great ends of life than idleness itself. He would not have been half so disgraced with nothing at all in hand as by that bag of game; and as for the money in that old stocking under the feather bed, it seemed to him like the fruits of his own dishonesty.

The impulse was strong upon him then and there to declare that he would take none of that hoard.

"Now look here, Mrs. Edwards," said he, fairly coloring like a girl as he spoke, and smiling uneasily, "I don't want that money."

Ann looked at him with the look of one who is stung, and yet incredulous. Elmira gave a little gasp of delight. "Oh, mother!" she cried.

"Keep still," ordered her mother. "I dun'no' what you mean," she said to Squire Merritt.

The Squire's smile deepened, but he looked frightened; his eyes fell before hers. "Why, what I say—I don't want this money, this time. I have all I need. Keep it over till the next half."

Squire Eben Merritt had a feeling as if something actually tangible, winged and clawed and beaked, and flaming with eyes, pounced upon him. He fairly shrank back, so fierce was Ann's burst of indignation; it produced a sense of actual contact.

"Keep it till next half?" repeated Ann. "Keep it till next half? What should we keep it till next half for, I'd like to know? It's your money, ain't it? We don't want it; we ain't beggars; we don't need it. I see through you, Squire Eben Merritt; you think I don't, but I do."

"I fear I don't know what you mean," the Squire said, helplessly.

"I see through you," repeated Ann. She had reverted to her first suspicion that his design was to gain possession of the whole property by letting the unpaid interest accumulate, but that poor Squire Eben did not know. He gave up all attempts to understand this woman's mysterious innuendoes, and took the true masculine method of departure from an uncomfortable subject at right angles, with no further ado.

He opened his game-bag and held up a brace of fat partridges. "Well," he said, laughing, "I want you to see what luck I've had shooting, Mrs. Edwards. I've bagged eight of these fellows to-day."

But Ann could not make a mental revolution so easily. She gave a half-indifferent, half-scornful squint at the partridges. "I dun'no' much about shootin'," said she, shortly. Ann had always been, in her own family, a passionate woman, but among outsiders she had borne herself with dignified politeness and formal gentility, clothing, as it were, her intensity of spirit with a company garb. Now, since her terrible trouble had come upon her, this garb had often slipped aside, and revealed with the indecency of affliction the struggling naked spirit of the woman to those from whom she had so carefully hidden it.

Once Ann would not have believed she would have so borne herself toward Squire Merritt. The Squire laid the partridges on the table. "I am going to leave these for your supper, Mrs. Edwards," he said, easily; but he quaked a little, for this woman seemed to repel gifts like blows.

"Thank ye," said Ann, dryly, "but I guess you'd better take 'em home to your wife. I've got a good deal cooked up."

Elmira made a little expressive sound; she could not help it. She gave one horrified, wondering look at her mother. Not a morsel of cooked food was there on the bare pantry shelves. By-and-by a little Indian meal and water would be boiled for supper. There were some vegetables in the cellar, otherwise no food in the house. Ann lied.

Squire Eben Merritt then displayed what would have been tact in a keenly calculating and analytic nature. "Oh, throw them out for the dogs, if you don't want them, Mrs. Edwards," he returned, gayly. "I've got more than my wife can use here. We are getting rather tired of partridges, we have had so many. I stopped at Lawyer Means's on my way here and left a pair for him."

A sudden change came over Ann's face. She beamed with a return of her fine company manners. She even smiled. "Thank ye," said she; "then I will take them, if you are sure you ain't robbing yourself."

"Not at all," said the Squire, "not at all, Mrs. Edwards. You'd better baste them well when you cook them." Then he took his leave, with many exchanges of courtesies, and went his way, wondering what had worked this change; for a simple benevolent soul can seldom gauge its own wisdom of diplomacy.

Squire Eben did not dream that his gift to one who was not needy had enabled him to give to one who was by establishing a sort of equality among the recipients, which had overcome her proud scruples. On the way home he met Jerome, scudding along in the early dusk, having finished his task early. "Hurry home, boy," he called out, in that great kind voice which Jerome so loved—"hurry home; you've got something good for supper!" and he gave the boy, ducking low before him with the love and gratitude which had overcome largely the fierce and callous pride in his young heart, a hearty slap on the shoulder as he went past.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was a good district school in the village, and Jerome, before his father's disappearance, had attended it all the year round; now he went only in winter. Jerome rose at four o'clock in the dark winter mornings, and went to bed at ten, getting six hours' sleep. It was fortunate that he was a hardy boy, with a wirily pliant frame, adapting itself, with no lesions, to extremes of temperature and toil, even to extremes of mental states. In spite of all his hardships, in spite of scanty food, Jerome thrived; he grew; he began to fill out better his father's clothes, to which he had succeeded. The first time Jerome wore his poor father's best coat to school—Ann had set in the buttons so it folded about him in ludicrous fashion, bringing the sleeves forward and his arms apparently into the middle of his chest—one of the big boys and two big girls at his side laughed at him, the boy with open jeers, the girls with covert giggles behind their hands. They were standing in front of the school-house at the top of the long hill when Jerome was ascending it with Elmira. It was late and cold, and only these three scholars were outside. The girls, who were pretty and coquettish, had detained this great boy, who was a man grown.

Jerome went up the long hill under this fire of covert ridicule. Elmira, behind him, began to cry, holding up one little shawled arm like a wing before her face. Jerome never lowered his proud head; his unwinking black eyes stared straight ahead at the three; his face was deadly white; his hands twitched at his sides.

The great boy was 'Lisha Robinson; the girls were the pretty twin daughters of a farmer living three miles away; he had just brought them to school on his ox-sled. Their two sweet rosy faces, full of pitiless childish merriment for him, and half-unconscious maiden wiles toward the young man at their side, toward whom they leant involuntarily as they tittered, aroused Jerome to a worse frenzy than 'Lisha's face with its coarse leer.

All the three started back a little as he drew near; there was something in his unwinking eyes which was intimidating. However, 'Lisha had his courage to manifest before these girls. "Say, Jerome," he shouted—"say, Jerome, got any room to spare in that coat? 'cause Abigail Mack is freezin'."

"Go 'long, 'Lisha," cried Abigail, sputtering with giggles, and giving the young man a caressing push with her elbow.

'Lisha, thus encouraged, essayed further wit. "Say, Jerome, s'pose you can fill out that coat of yours any quicker if I give ye half my dinner? Here's a half a pie I can spare. Reckon you don't have much to eat down to your house, 'cept chicken-fodder, and that ain't very fat'nin'."

Jerome came up. All at once through the glow of his black eyes flashed that spiritual lightning evident when purpose is changed to action. The girls screamed and fled. 'Lisha swung about in a panic, but Jerome launched himself upon his averted shoulder. The girls, glancing back with terrified eyes from the school-house door, seemed to see the boy lift the grown man from the ground, and the two whirl a second in the air before they crashed down, and so declared afterward. Jerome clung to his opponent like a wild-cat, a small but terrific body all made up of nerve and muscles and electric fire. He wound his arms with a violent jerk as of steel around 'Lisha's neck; he bunted him with a head like a cannon-ball; he twisted little wiry legs under the hollows of 'Lisha's knees. The two came down together with a great thud. The teacher and the scholars came rushing to the door. Elmira wailed and sobbed in the background. The slight boy was holding great 'Lisha on the ground with a strength that seemed uncanny.

'Lisha's nose was bleeding; he breathed hard; his eyes upturned to Jerome had a ghastly roll. "Let me—up, will ye?" he choked, faintly.

"Will you ever say anything like that again?"

"Let me up, will ye?" 'Lisha gave a convulsive gasp that was almost a sob.

"Jerome!" called the teacher. She was a young woman from another village, mildly and assentingly good, virtue having, like the moon, only its simply illuminated side turned toward her vision. Weakly blue-eyed and spectacled, hooked up primly in chaste drab woollen and capped with white muslin, though scarcely thirty, she stood among her flock and eyed the fierce combatants with utter lack of command of the situation. She was a country minister's daughter, and had never taught until her father's death. This was her first school, and to its turbulent elements she brought only the precisely limited lore of a young woman's seminary of that day and the experiences of early piety.

Looking at the struggling boys, she thought vaguely of that hymn of Isaac Watts's which treats of barking and biting dogs and the desirability of amity and concord between children, as if it could in some way be applied to heal the breach. She called again fruitlessly in her thin treble, which had been raised in public only in neighborhood prayer-meetings: "Jerome! Jerome Edwards!"

"Will you say it again?" demanded Jerome of his prostrate adversary, with a sharp prod of a knee.

After a moment of astonished staring there was a burst of mirth among the pupils, especially the older boys. 'Lisha was not a special favorite among them—he was too good-looking, had too much money to spend, and was too much favored by the girls. In spite of the teacher's half-pleading commands, they made a rush and formed a ring around the fighters.

"Go it, J'rome," they shouted. "Give it to him! You're a fighter, you be. Look at J'rome Edwards lickin' a feller twice his size. Hi! Go it J'rome!"

"Boys!" called the teacher. "Boys!"

Some of the smaller girls began to cry and clung to her skirts; the elder girls watched with dilated eyes, or laughed with rustic hardihood for such sights. Elmira still waited on the outskirts. Jerome paid no attention to the teacher or the shouting boys. "Will you say it again?" he kept demanding of 'Lisha, until finally he got a sulky response.

"No, I won't. Now lemme up, will ye?"

"Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry. Lemme up!"

Jerome, without appearing to move, collected himself for a spring. Suddenly he was off 'Lisha and far to one side, with one complete bound of his whole body, like a cat.

'Lisha got up stiffly, muttering under his breath, and went round to the well to wash off the blood. He did not attempt to renew the combat, as the other boys had hoped he might. He preferred to undergo the ignominy of being worsted in fight by a little boy rather than take the risk of being pounced upon again with such preternatural fury. When he entered school, having washed his face, he was quite pale, and walked with shaking knees. Rather physical than moral courage had 'Lisha Robinson, and it was his moral courage, after all, which had been tested, as it is in all such unequal combats.

As for Jerome, he had to stand in the middle of the floor, a spectacle unto the school, folded in his father's coat, which had, alas! two buttons torn off, and a three-cornered rag rent from one tail, which fluttered comically in the draught from the door; but nobody dared laugh. There was infinite respect if not approbation for Jerome in the school that day. Some of the big boys scowled, and one girl said out loud, "It's a shame!" when the teacher ordered him to stand in the floor. Had he rebelled, the teacher would have had no support, but Jerome took his place in the spot indicated, with a grave and scornful patience. The greatness of his triumph made him magnanimous. It was clearly evident to his mind that 'Lisha Robinson and not he should stand in the floor, and that he gained a glory of martyrdom in addition to the other.

Jerome had never felt so proud in his life as when he stood there, in his father's old coat, having established his right to wear it without remark by beating the biggest boy in school. He stood erect, equally poised on his two feet, looking straight ahead with a grave unsmiling air. He looked especially at no one, except once at his sister Elmira. She had just raised her head from the curve of her arm, in which she had been weeping, and her tear-stained eyes met her brother's. He looked steadily at her, frowning significantly. Elmira knew what it meant. She began to study her geography, and did not cry again.

At recess the teacher went up to Jerome, and spoke to him almost timidly. "I am very sorry about this, Jerome," she said. "I am sorry you fought, and sorry I had to punish you in this way."

Jerome looked at her. "She's a good deal like mother," he thought. "You had to punish somebody," said he, "an'—*I'd* licked *him*."

The teacher started; this reasoning confused her a little, the more so that she had an uneasy conviction that she had punished the lesser offender. She looked at the proud little figure in the torn coat, and her mild heart went out to him. She glanced around; there were not many scholars in the room. Elmira sat in her place, busy with her slate; a few of the older ones were in a knot near the window at the back of the room. The teacher slipped her hand into her pocket and drew out a lemon-drop, which she thrust softly into Jerome's hand. "Here," said she.

Jerome, who treated usually a giver like a thief, took the lemon-drop, thanked her, and stood sucking it the

(*Continued on page 231.*)

THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON:

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

THE country is saying good-by to Mr. Cleveland as a public servant with deep regret. His career in national politics has not been long, but it stands out as one of the most impressive in our history. Many of the men who are serving in his second administration were distinguished in public life when he emerged from the Mayoralty of Buffalo to become Governor of New York. He had been an excellent Mayor, and he was an admirable Governor; but in 1884, when he was elected President, he was untried in the larger field of Federal politics, and many of the leaders of his party first saw him when they went to Albany to consult with him concerning his first cabinet appointments. He had been made the Democratic candidate for President in 1884 by shrewd politicians, who had come to understand, through the experiment in New York, the value of character in appealing to the voters, and who believed, therefore, that the country would rather trust one who had made Mr. Cleveland's record as Governor of New York than the man who had made Mr. Blaine's record as Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Democratic party had failed to attain its ideals, and was in perilous condition. Among its leaders there were men who have since guided it to destruction. It came into power in the popular branch of Congress in 1874, and its first promise was that the burden of tariff taxation should be lightened. In the struggle for the Speakership Mr. Kerr triumphed over the protectionists led by Mr. Randall, and Mr. Morrison was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; but ten years later, in 1884, Mr. Randall had still a sufficient following to prevent Mr. Morrison, again chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, from passing his bill, although the Democratic majority had chosen Mr. Carlisle to be Speaker by an enormous majority over the continuing marplot from Pennsylvania. But while Mr. Randall's influence was weakening, and while the House was gaining in intelligence, the Senate was losing, until at length the body that was created to be a check on the popular branch of the legislature became the more ignorant and corrupt. It was in the Senate that the leaders of the Democratic organization were to be found after that organization had become despicable, and after the party was captured by the demagogues, the tools of protectionism, and the advocates of free silver. The evil influences that were to make Mr. Bryan the Democratic candidate, and communism and repudiation the Democratic watchwords, were operative when Mr. Cleveland was first inaugurated as President.

THE FIRST TERM.

The new President soon showed that he had a genius for public affairs. He was an indefatigable toiler, and he had an almost unerring instinct for the right side of a public question. The one subject on which he had taken a positive stand before his inauguration was the silver question. During the winter preceding his inauguration he wrote a letter to Mr. A. J. Warner, who was the titular head of the free-silver cause. In that letter he stated his position frankly and fully. He made no attempt to conciliate the Democratic Congressmen who were advocating the free coinage of silver. He did not pretend to a desire to do anything for silver. He was opposed to free coinage, and he said so with the directness that has always characterized his utterances. There was a vigorous protest on the part of Mr. Bland and other silver leaders in Congress, and when Mr. Cleveland went to Washington the silver Democrats had already felt his metal, and were inclined to make an effort to bring him to terms. But the President made the silver question the most important feature of his first message to Congress, and after showing the evils of a depreciated currency, and the hopelessness of the attempt to secure international bimetallism, he recommended the suspension of purchases of silver then made under the act of 1878. There was nothing for him to do but to be logical. It has always been impossible for him to be anything but logical, granting the soundness of his premises. He was President of the whole country. The government, as he had said in his inaugural address, was the people's, and his oath of office bound him to administer it for the benefit of all the people without regard to party. He believed that the free coinage of silver would depreciate the currency; that silver purchases and threats of silver legislation were impairing the country's credit; that international bimetallism was an idle dream. Believing this, nothing could turn him from using all his influence and all the power of his office to bring the currency to a sound basis. He would have rejoiced if his party had sustained him, for he is a strong partisan, and holds tenaciously to the doctrines which Jefferson taught, and which, until the corruptionists and the communists captured the organization, constituted the vital principle of the Democratic party; but he would not compromise with his conscience for the sake of party harmony. He may have been deceived by men of mean abilities, but no power has ever made him swerve from the path of duty as he has seen it, and on the whole, and on the larger questions that have been presented to him, he has seen his duty very clearly, and has performed it courageously and to the great profit of the country.

During his first term in the Presidency he made the machine useless to him and powerless against him, and if there had then or since been found a leader in the party capable of seizing upon the opportunity that Mr. Cleveland has made, the machine of which Gorman was the head might have been destroyed, and a party might have been established that would to-day not only embody and represent the shining virtues and the sound political principles for whose possession and practice Mr. Cleveland will always be a conspicuous figure in American history, but that might be in control as well. As the first term went on, the President demonstrated more and more that the public interests were his sole concern. Gradually he came to be the incarnation of the constitutional idea of the Executive. The man who had gone to Washington little known became a colossal figure. He dominated the politics of the country. The people trusted him, as he trusted them; for there has never been an hour so dark to him that he has not continued to believe, with a confidence that is fatalistic, that in the end the people would show themselves to be on his side, to the utter confusion of his opponents. He kept on his course, unmindful of the wrath that he aroused, and the misunderstandings and the injustice which he sometimes encountered from men whose purposes he knew to be good and whose friendship he desired. The sharp assaults of whilom friends were his bitterest experiences; for, like many strong men, he is extremely sensitive. It has often seemed to him as though he stood alone, and he has often wondered why some whose political ideals were also his own could not understand the impossibility of moving more rapidly. But he kept on vetoing fraudulent pension bills, and he gained a large knowledge of the iniquities of the then existing tariff law, and of the dangers that beset the country by reason of the surplus, until, in defiance of the advice of the politicians, who predicted that he was inviting defeat for himself and his party, and thinking only and passionately of the public service that it was his duty to render, he sent to Congress his message of 1887, which, contrary to precedent, and because the subject was "paramount," was confined to the tariff question.

THE TARIFF MESSAGE.

The political defeat that was predicted followed; but notwithstanding this, the message intrenched its author more strongly in the public confidence, made him the inevitable candidate of the Democratic party in 1888 and in 1892, and President for a second term. The message marked the beginning of the end of protectionism in this country, and resulted in the inauguration of a political movement upon which rests the hope of the country in the struggle against socialism, upon which we have now fairly entered. The writing of this tariff message was Mr. Cleveland's first great service to the country. The message not only presented the economic and commercial issue, but it presented clearly, to educated and intelligent minds, the evils of paternalism, and forced a breach in the Democratic party between those who are for bettering the instructions of the Republicans and those who believe that the safety of the republic lies in a return to the simpler forms under which an individual, unrestrained and unaided by the government, may pursue his own way through life, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of his neighbor nor offend against the laws of the community. Mr. Cleveland was defeated; it was not, however, because the country was weary of him, but because some good men made the mistake of opposing him for the reason that he had not wholly adopted their views, while some bad men, who retained their control of the Democratic party organization, were treacherous to him for the reason that he had disappointed them in the distribution of spoils. The time came when the good men learned their mistake, and when, after the passage of the McKinley act, the people of the country had an opportunity to express their sentiments on tariff legislation.

THE SECOND TERM.

When he took up the Presidency in 1893 the disruption of the Democratic party was imminent. A large majority of the Democratic Senators were for free silver, but Mr. Cleveland's opinions had not changed. In utter and, as every one must admit, in brave disregard of this free-silver sentiment, he wrote a letter to Mr. E. Ellery Anderson in February, 1891, which concluded with these words:

> If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a largely increased volume of this currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, those conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if, in the present situation, we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage.

This was the answer to the demand for free coinage made by the man who, in the following year, in spite of his letter and contrary to the predictions of those who supposed that it would destroy all hope of his nomination, became the Democratic candidate for the third time. When he went to Washington to resume the Presidency the Treasury was already crippled. The surplus had begun to disappear. When Mr. Harrison entered office at the end of Mr. Cleveland's first term the cash in the Treasury amounted to $281,343,675, and of this $196,245,980 was gold. When Mr. Cleveland returned, after Mr. Harrison's four years, the cash in the Treasury had been reduced to $146,812,418, and the gold to $103,284,219. Mr. Foster, Mr. Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury, had made preparations for borrowing gold. The plates for printing the bonds had been made ready. Propositions, which were afterwards withdrawn by Mr. Harrison himself, had been suggested by the Secretary to New York bankers. Besides, the $100,000,000 gold reserve had already been intrenched upon, for of the $103,000,000 which Mr. Foster turned over to Mr. Carlisle, the new Secretary of the Treasury, $8,250,000 had been obtained, in exchange for United States notes, from some New York bankers. Mr. Cleveland was at once face to face with a perplexing and dangerous financial situation. In consequence of the fear felt by the whole commercial world that the follies of Congress would force the United States to a silver basis, a panic had come. The Treasury was losing its surplus owing to extravagant appropriations and to reduced revenues due to an almost universal falling off in commercial transactions. The gold reserve was assailed, and it was believed by bankers and politicians that if this reserve fell below $100,000,000 there would be another panic.

Mr. Cleveland set himself to the task of maintaining the credit of the country with the determination which has characterized all his official conduct.

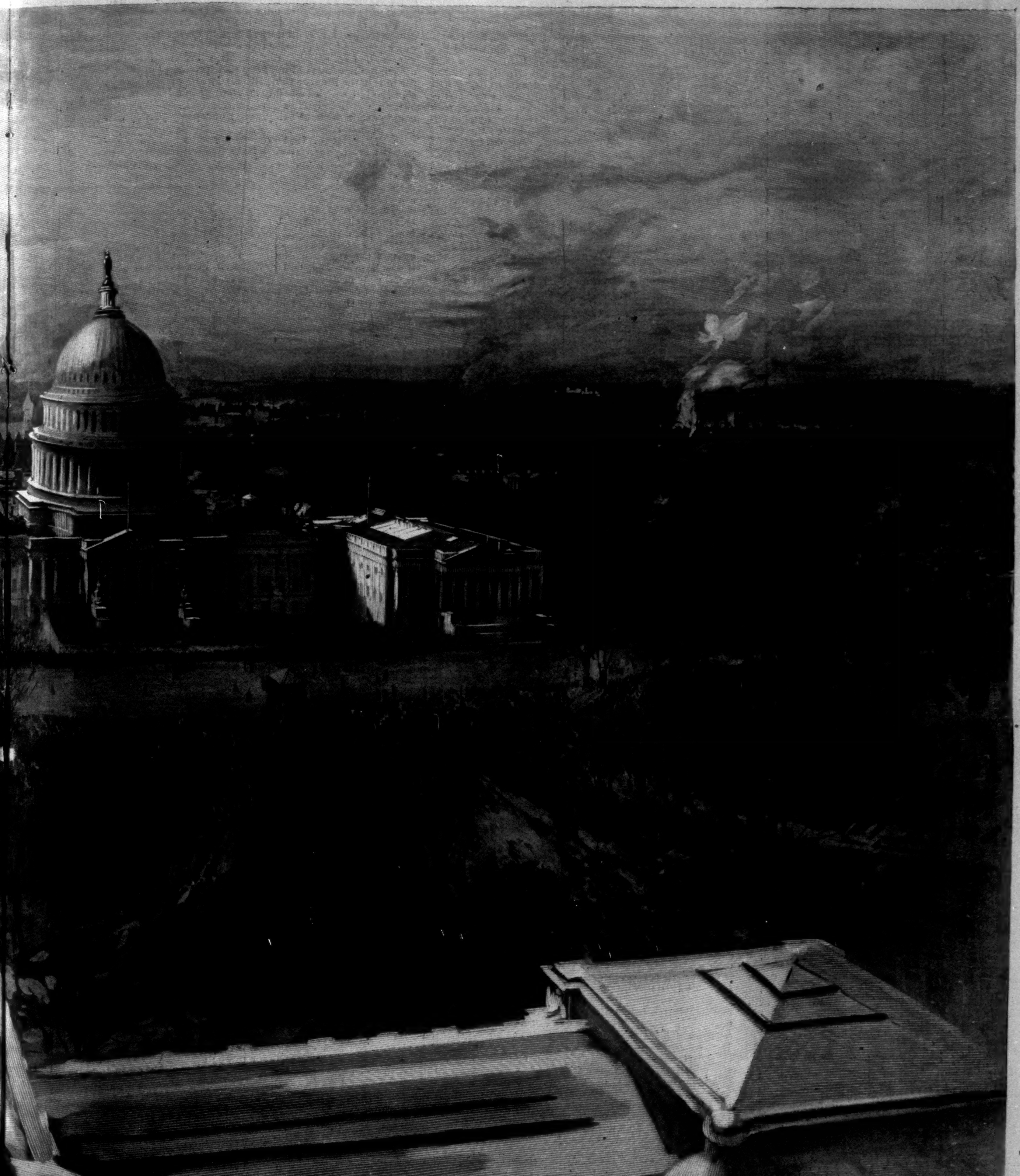
The President's first effort to check the outflow of gold, and to restore confidence in the future of our currency system, was by securing the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. On the 30th of June he issued a proclamation calling on Congress to assemble in extraordinary session, "to the end that the people may be relieved, through legislation, from present and impending danger and distress." Congress met on the 7th of August. The President's message, urging a "prompt repeal" of the purchasing clause of the law of 1890, was read in both Houses on the 8th. The Wilson repeal bill was reported by Mr. W. L. Wilson to the House on the 11th, and it was passed by that body by a vote of 239 to 108 on the 28th. On the 28th Senator Voorhees, on behalf of the Finance Committee, reported the measure to the Senate. The country had been eagerly expectant of the prompt action that Mr. Cleveland had urged. It had hailed with joy the admirable conduct of the popular branch of Congress. It was ready for the return of prosperity; but it was doomed to bitter disappointment. The sinister influence in the Senate hostile to the President compelled delay.

THE DISGRACE OF THE SENATE.

A union was made between the silver Senators of both parties, and a game of obstruction was entered upon, for it was known from the first that the bill would pass if a vote could be had. The Democratic Senators followed Senator Teller, who had agreed that the Republicans would do the filibustering. It was thought by those who engaged in this enterprise that they could thus force the President to accept a compromise by means of which something would be gained for silver. On one side were the silver mining camps, the silver fanatics, some honest men who really believed that free coinage would put an end to the undoubted evils under which the country was suffering, and the haters of the President; on the other side were the President and Mr. Carlisle, a few Democratic Senators, most of the Republican Senators, and the business interests of the country. Popular indignation assailed the filibusters of the Senate, but without avail. From the 29th of August to the 30th of October the Senate debated, filibustered, offered amendments, and suggested compromises. The obstinacy of the silver men was encouraged and sustained by Mr. Gorman. It was a weakness of the case of the administration in the Senate that this man was supposed to stand with the President, and to represent his desire for unconditional repeal. As a matter of fact, he encouraged opposition to a vote, telling the silver men that if they would only hold out long enough they would force some concession. But he was mistaken. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury refused to yield, and from first to last insisted on unconditional repeal. Their cause seemed hopeless, for the silver Senators announced that they would never yield. It is not strange that rumors of an impending surrender by the President should have more than once been the burden of the Washington despatches to the daily press. During all the struggle the President's faith in the people, and in their power to compel the Senate to act, was invincible and cheering, while the Secretary of the Treasury constantly insisted that the bare proposition for unconditional repeal was stronger in the Senate than any substitute or amendment that was proposed. At last a move for a compromise bill was made that was nearly successful so far as the Senate was concerned, but that really put an end to the struggle and brought the unconditional repeal bill to a vote. The Democratic silver Senators agreed with some of the Democratic gold Senators to make an attempt to come to terms, and to devise a scheme that would command the votes of all the Democrats and receive the approval of Mr. Cleveland. The enticing feature of the plan to the partisan mind was that the measure thus evolved would be a Democratic bill, and there is no doubt that the silver Democrats had become weary of their association with the silver Republicans. Therefore a joint committee of gold and silver Democrats was formed. As a result of their first conference, Senator Blackburn undertook to arrange an interview between a committee of silver Senators and Mr. Carlisle. The interview took place in the Secretary's room at the Treasury Department on the Friday before the final enactment of the law. Out of this interview and

INAUGURATION DAY IN

VIEW FROM THE DOME OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY—CROWDS GATHERI



IN WASHINGTON.

HERING TO WITNESS THE CEREMONY AT THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL.

its results there has issued much misunderstanding and misrepresentation. It has been charged that Mr. Carlisle, speaking for the President, agreed to the following compromise:

1. That the repeal act should take effect October 1, 1894.
2. That the silver purchased under the act of 1890, and the seignorage, should be coined.
3. That all government notes of denominations less than $10 should be retired.

There is not only no truth in this charge, but it is difficult to understand how any Senator present at the interview could have supposed that Mr. Carlisle had entered into any such agreement. Nevertheless, it was reported that he favored the compromise, and a number of gold Democrats were deceived by the misunderstanding. In the course of conversation a suggestion was made by Mr. Carlisle as to the effect on forcing silver into circulation of retiring all notes of a smaller denomination than ten dollars. As the committee left the Secretary's room, one of the Senators asked him if he had formulated this proposition, and Mr. Carlisle, searching among his papers, found a draft of the proposition, which he handed to the Senator, who took it away with him. On the following day, Saturday, the Secretary was astonished to learn from Senator Vilas that a compromise—the one printed above—was being signed by both gold and silver Senators. It turned out that, in view of the incorporation of the proposition providing for the retirement of small notes, it had been asserted that the compromise was agreed to by the administration and had been *partly written by Mr. Carlisle*. On the strength of this statement the signatures of several gold Senators had been obtained, and Senator Voorhees, the administration leader in the Senate on this bill, had consented to present the compromise measure as a substitute for the repeal bill on Monday morning. Senator Vilas had not signed the paper, nor had Mr. McPherson, who was out of town. Not a moment could be lost, and Mr. Carlisle set himself to work to repair the evil. He sent word to the gold Senators at the Capitol, and as soon as he could leave the department he went to Woodley, where he found Mr. Cleveland, and told him the important and disturbing news. It was agreed that there was danger, but the President found a ray of hope in the very desperation of the performance, and said to Mr. Carlisle that the "darkest hour comes just before the morning." Mr. Carlisle worked all day with Senator Voorhees, and in the evening Secretary Gresham came in to assist. Finally, Mr. Voorhees was persuaded to refuse to present the compromise except on the unanimous request of the Democratic Senators. This was a great gain. In the mean time the country was agitated by the explicit statements of the Washington correspondents that the compromise was agreed to and the struggle ended by a practical victory for the silver men. Telegrams and letters poured into Washington; but there was no need of urging the administration to do its duty. The President and Secretaries Carlisle and Gresham were alive to the importance of the hour, and when Monday came there was no longer danger that the compromise would be presented by Mr. Voorhees. On that morning the President was early at his desk in the White House. He had sent a message to the railroad station to intercept Mr. McPherson, whose return was expected, and to ask him to see the President before going to the Capitol. Other gold Senators besides Mr. McPherson called on the President that morning, and when they had said what they could in behalf of the compromise, Mr. Cleveland smote his desk with his fist and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I will never consent to it." Thus the interview at the White House came to a close, and the Senators departed; but in what seemed to him to be a shorter time than was necessary for his visitors to reach the Capitol, Mr. Cleveland received a note from Senator McPherson announcing that the whole aspect of affairs had changed in the Senate, and the unconditional repeal bill would pass. It turned out that Senator Teller, having heard of the partisan compact between his silver Democratic allies and the gold Democrats, was so enraged by the desertion that he gave notice to the silver Democrats that he and his Republican associates would no longer filibuster against a vote.

Out of this unfortunate incident grew the false statement that the President had agreed to a compromise, and an intense anger was thenceforth manifested against him by the silver Democrats, because they said he had not kept faith with them. But the country had had another proof of the President's unbending determination to do his duty as he saw it, and after that there was never a doubt in any mind but that the Executive would be a firm defence against assaults upon the public credit.

THE BOND SALES.

There was, however, danger from another source. It had been expected that the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act would re-establish the national credit, but the action of the Senate had been so tardy, and the strength of the silver sentiment in that body had been so clearly shown, that the hoped-for result did not follow. Gold continued to disappear from the Treasury. Between March 7 and the time that the repeal bill was passed the sum of $39,959,529 in gold was withdrawn for export, and $10,237,960 for hoarding. On the 17th of January, 1894, the amount of gold in the Treasury had fallen to $69,757,824. On that day subscriptions were invited to an issue of $50,000,000 of ten-year 5-per-cent. bonds. This bond sale was effected with much difficulty, but its repletion of the gold in the Treasury did not stop the drain. On the 14th of November, 1894, the gold in the Treasury amounted to $61,878,374, not enough, in Mr. Carlisle's opinion, to enable the government to meet its obligations. Another sale of $50,000,000 of bonds followed. But the gold that bought the bonds was again drawn out, and on the 8th of February, 1895, the reserve had been reduced to $41,340,181. On the 28th of January the President sent a special message to Congress, pointing out the effectiveness of the greenbacks and Treasury notes in draining the government of its gold reserve, and recommending the passage of a law authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 50-year 3-per-cent. gold bonds in order to maintain the reserve. Congress refused to co-operate for the maintenance of the credit of the government, and the President, refusing to permit the country to be forced to a silver basis, ordered another bond sale. At this time there was no free gold coin in the Treasury. All the free gold was in the form of bullion. There were practically no receipts of gold from customs or other sources. There were fear and distrust everywhere. But for the daily transfer of balances, for many months, from one point to another, the government would have been unable to pay its current expenses. It was the belief of the Treasury officials, from their experiences derived from the consequences of the former sales, that a public sale would not benefit the Treasury, because the gold that had been paid for the bonds already issued came originally from the Treasury, and was quickly drawn out again after it had been temporarily restored in payment for the bonds. Therefore a contract was made with a syndicate of bankers, who sold gold to the government, and received in payment 30-year 4-per-cent. bonds at a price which netted the syndicate 3.75 per cent. on the investment. But the feature of the contract by which the government profited most was the agreement by the syndicate that it would obtain half the gold from abroad, and that it would use its influence to "protect the Treasury of the United States against the withdrawals of gold, pending the complete performance of this contract." This agreement was fulfilled, and the sale under this contract with the syndicate was of much greater benefit to the government than the previous public sales had been, because the gold obtained by means of it was really an addition to the public stock. Before the contract was completed, however, the President gave Congress another opportunity to co-operate with him for the relief of the Treasury. He informed it that, by arrangement with the syndicate, 3-per-cent. gold bonds might be substituted for the 4-per-cent. coin bonds, if authorized by law, and that the government would thus save $16,174,770 in interest by the end of the thirty years during which the bonds were to run. But Congress again refused to cooperate with the President. This sale was made on the 8th of February, 1895, and, by reason of the influence of the syndicate, there was no need of another sale until January 6, 1896, when the reserve had again fallen, this time to $61,251,710. But the credit of the government had been greatly strengthened by Mr. Cleveland's persistent efforts in its behalf, and for the $100,000,000 bonds then offered there were 4641 subscriptions aggregating $688,000,000.

The Senate Finance Committee undertook, in May, 1896, the investigation of the bond sales. A subcommittee under the chairmanship of Senator Harris, of Tennessee, hostile to the administration, was appointed. But the letter and testimony of Mr. Carlisle and the testimony of Assistant Secretary Curtis, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Belmont were so convincing as to the honesty of the syndicate transaction that the investigation came to an abrupt conclusion, and has never been renewed. The subcommittee's animus is shown, however, by the fact that it has printed only 200 copies of the proceedings, containing Mr. Carlisle's letter and his own and Mr. Curtis's testimony, and has not printed Mr. Morgan's and Mr. Belmont's testimony at all.

Whether the best terms possible had been obtained, or whether a private sale of public securities is ever best, are other questions. In this case it is the fact that the President and his cabinet alone prevented public bankruptcy and kept the country on a gold basis, for the natural operation of laws, and of the bad currency system still existing, would have brought us to a silver basis if it had not been for Mr. Cleveland's action.

THE TARIFF BILL.

The main issue in the election of 1892 was the tariff question, and in preferring Mr. Cleveland, the people declared against the then existing McKinley law and in favor of its revision. The task of revision was undertaken. Mr. W. L. Wilson was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee through the influence of the President. He and his friends in the House prepared a bill and secured its passage. It was not a perfect measure, but it was better than any tariff law which the country has possessed for more than twenty years. It went to a Senate hostile to the President and to all attacks on certain industries. The malign influence of Gorman was again felt. He was a protectionist. He was especially opposed to free coal and free iron, and he united with himself Senators Murphy, Brice, and Smith, and some others. From the moment that the bill reached the Senate it was the bill of the Sugar Trust. Nothing could be done without the assent of that monopoly. The President, Mr. Carlisle, and Mr. Wilson were all in favor of taxing raw sugar for the revenue that such a tariff tax would produce, but not one of them was in favor of a differential duty for the protection of the refiners. It is unnecessary to go over the disgraceful details of the struggle in the Senate against the Sugar Trust and its agents in that body. The trust won, and the two Houses appointed conference committees. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Clifton R. Breckenridge were the principal conferees on the part of the House, and in every respect and on every point for which they struggled they had the support of the President and Mr. Carlisle. Nearly at the end of the session they had reason to believe that they would succeed in securing either free coal or free ore, and the striking out of the differential duty that was in the interest of the Sugar Trust. They were on the very verge of success. The Sugar Trust Senators began to show signs of panic. They enlisted Senator Blackburn to work in their behalf, because his previous tariff record had been clear. Mr. Blackburn advised the House to yield; but the House conferrees pushed all the harder against the iron ore and coal interests and the Sugar Trust. Finally, a despatch from a servant of the Sugar Trust was read in the conference-room. It was in the form of an order, and announced that the sugar schedule was fixed and should not be altered. This was the beginning of the unhappy end. The efforts of Blackburn were redoubled. But Wilson and Breckenridge held out, and expected confidently to be able to hold the House of Representatives to a disagreement. At length the Speaker failed them. Mr. Crisp believed that the temper of the House was such that he could not keep the majority longer in session. The session had dragged along until nearly the middle of August, and members were anxious to get away from Washington. Therefore, although the Democratic leaders had agreed on Saturday, the 11th of August, 1894, that the House should continue to hold out, on the night of the 12th of August—Sunday—Mr. Crisp declared that it must surrender. In the mean time, and to influence the action of the House, the Senators had promised that if the Gorman-Brice bill should be accepted, the Senate would join the House in passing bills for free iron ore, free coal, and free barbed wire. The President did not believe that the promise would be kept, and to the last stoutly opposed surrender. But a Democratic caucus, held on Monday morning, the 13th of August, decided otherwise, and Mr. Wilson was forced to yield. The House quickly passed the bills for free ore, free coal, free barbed wire, and free sugar. But, as Mr. Cleveland had predicted, the Senators did not keep their promise, but buried the bills in the Finance Committee. Mr. Cleveland did not sign the bill, which he had characterized in a letter to Mr. Wilson, dated July 2, as a measure which no Democrat could sustain without being guilty of "party perfidy and party dishonor."

In the spring of 1894 armies of tramps and a few dejected working-men started from the Western States to march to Washington. The hard times that followed the enactment of the Sherman and McKinley laws had filled the land with discontented and rebellious men. The Coxey army, however, when it reached the capital, was easily disposed of by the local police, and its leader was arraigned before a police justice for trampling on the grass. But a much more serious outbreak was the strike that began in June in Chicago, and which was directed immediately against the Pullman Car Company. The strike spread through sympathy, and culminated in the well-remembered riots of July. It was then that Mr. Cleveland, with the aid of Attorney-General Olney, rendered another great service to the country in sending the Federal troops to Chicago to protect the mails and inter-State commerce of the United States, and to enforce the Federal laws and the processes of the Federal courts.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Cleveland began his second term as President by preventing the consummation of a great wrong to the people of this country. He found pending in the Senate a treaty making the United States the protector of the new "republic" of Hawaii. The treaty was the work of schemers whose object was to unite Hawaii with this country, either as a Territory or State, or as a county of California. It was an official response to Minister Stevens's land-grabbing despatch that "the Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it." Mr. Cleveland did not believe either in the establishment of a protectorate or in annexation, and therefore he withdrew the treaty. He believed that the revolutionists had been aided by the American minister and American marines, and that the United States ought to undo its wrong and make reparation. His solution of the Hawaiian problem saved this country from deep disgrace and from the commission of a crime to the like of which, according to our Jingo friends, England is so prone that a general arbitration treaty with her would be of doubtful morality.

The President's message on the Venezuela dispute was mourned over by some good friends of his as the great blot on his administration. But it resulted not only in the settlement of the dispute, but in a treaty of general arbitration which will yet mark the most important and beneficent advance that has ever been made in international relations. And for this Mr. Cleveland and his two Secretaries of State, Judge Gresham and Mr. Olney, are entitled to the credit. It was Mr. Olney's fortune to conduct the negotiations to the end, and, by the exercise of an ability that marks him as one of the foremost public men of his time, to persuade Lord Salisbury into signing a broader agreement than the British Premier at first approved. It is a significant sign of the change that has taken place in public sentiment on this episode that Harvard University, which cried out in mournful and fear-stricken tones against the barbarous and warlike message for which Mr. Olney was held responsible, offered him, as his term of office was closing, the Professorship of International Law.

There is a certain quality or tone in Mr. Cleveland's administration of foreign affairs that is gratifying to Americans. It has been thoroughly American and dignified. Every man who respects his country is glad that the United States stand better before the world by reason of what Mr. Cleveland has done in respect to Hawaii, Venezuela, and Cuba. I fancy that even the Jingoes have not really desired that the chief executive should sully the nation's honor by a lying proclamation recognizing the belligerency or the independence of Cuba. "To me," wrote Mr. Lowell of the President, "his personality is very *simpatico*. He is a truly American type of the best kind—a type very dear to me, I confess."

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

It was essentially in Mr. Cleveland's nature that he should advance the cause of civil service reform. To him a public servant has but one allegiance and but one duty. His master is the public, and all his service is due to that master. Public place is for public service. That is his own ideal, and that, to him, is the standard for all in the public employment. When he first went to Washington he knew very little of the methods for reform which had been agreed upon, but it was only necessary to show him clearly the fundamental evil of the spoils system to make him its bitter and determined enemy. When he first became President there were about 15,000 classified places in the civil service. At the end of his second term there are 87,107 classified places, Mr. Harrison having added 8000. The merit system is in its present excellent condition mainly by reason of Mr. Cleveland's efforts, and if Mr. McKinley will sustain the system for appointments and promotions in the consular service established since Mr. Olney became Secretary of State, and will include the fourth-class post-offices in the classified services, civil service reform will be accomplished so far as the extent of its jurisdiction is concerned.

This is not a complete record of President Cleveland's services to the country; it is merely a statement of the larger benefits that have been gained through his official acts. If he had not been the Democratic President, in all probability we should still have a united organization pottering with the tariff question, and making promises of reform, only to break them at the first opportunity; or, worse still, the country might be now enduring the evils sure to spring from a successful socialistic revolt against Republican McKinleyism and Democratic Gormanism. If Mr. Cleveland had not stood in the way, the United States Treasury would have gone to protest, and our money system would be on a silver basis. If Mr. Cleveland's enemies had had their way, we would

have annexed Hawaii and fought with Spain over Cuba. If they have their way over the treaty now pending, the United States will lose the benefit of Mr. Cleveland's purpose and Mr. Olney's diplomacy, and will declare a preference for the arbitrament of war, after Great Britain has declared for the arbitrament of peace.

In the larger questions that have come to him Mr. Cleveland has comprehended the right way, and has had the courage to walk in it despite the opposition and criticism of the politicians of his own party. Whatever one may think of his personality or of his party leadership, his stern fidelity and unselfish and intelligent devotion as a public servant make his two administrations illustrious. He is retiring to private life with the confidence of the people and with the admiration of all, including the best among his political opponents, who respect a man who lives up to the standard he has set for himself; moreover, he is leaving an example of the value of the character of a public man to his party that will some day be accepted by a race of politicians yet to be, for it is doubtless true that if the Democratic party had possessed sufficient wisdom—sufficient shrewdness, if you will—to take advantage of the opportunity made for it by Mr. Cleveland's services, it would now be as strong in the regard of the country as the Republican party was after Lincoln's assassination had emphasized its own and its leader's services to the Union.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.

(*Continued from page 226.*)

rest of the recess. It was his first gallantry toward womenkind.

This teacher remained in the school only a half-term. Some said that she left because she was not strong enough to teach such a large school. Some said because she had not enough government. This had always been considered a man's school during the winter months, but a departure had been made in this case because the female teacher was needy and a minister's daughter.

The place was filled by a man who never tempered injustice with lemon-drops, and ruled generally with fair and equal measure. He was better for the school, and Jerome liked him; but he felt sad, though he kept it to himself, when the woman teacher went away. She gave him for a parting gift a little volume, a treasure of her own childhood, purporting to be the true tale of an ungodly youth who robbed an orchard on the Sabbath day, thereby combining two deadly sins, and was drowned in crossing a brook on his way home. The weight of his bag of stolen fruit prevented him from rising, but he would not let go, and thereby added to his other crimes that of greediness. There was a frontispiece representing this froward hero, in a tall hat and little frilled trousers, with a bag the size of a slack balloon dragging on the ground behind him, proceeding towards the neighbor's apple-tree, which bore fruit as large as the thief's head upon its unbending boughs.

"There's a pretty picture in it," the teacher said, when she presented the book; she had kept Jerome after school for that purpose. "I used to like to look at it when I was a little girl." Then she added that she had crossed out the inscription, "Martha Maria Whittaker, from her father, Rev. Enos Whittaker," on the fly-leaf, and written underneath, "Jerome Edwards, from his teacher, Martha Maria Whittaker," and displayed her little delicate scratch.

Then the teacher had hesitated a little, and colored faintly, and looked at the boy. He seemed to this woman—meekly resigned to old age and maidenhood at thirty—a mere child, and like the son which another woman might have had, but the missing of whom was a shame to her to contemplate. Then she had said good-by to him, and bade him be always a good boy, and had leaned over and kissed him. It was the kiss of a mother spiritualized by the innocent mystery and imagination of virginity.

Jerome kept the little book always, and he never forgot the kiss nor the teacher, who returned to her native village and taught the school there during the summer months, and starved on the proceeds during the winter, until she died, some ten years later, being of a delicate habit, and finding no place of comfort in the world.

Jerome walked ten miles and back to her funeral one freezing day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

IX.—MUNICH, COLOGNE, TURIN, AND GENOA.

The only remaining places visited concerning which it seems to be worth while to give an account are Munich, Cologne, Turin, and Genoa.

The work in Munich is noticeable chiefly for its negative qualities. The streets are kept in very fair condition, mainly by contractors, the city doing the work on asphalt streets—a limited area—and charging the cost to the property-owners. As a rule, nearly the whole service that is performed by the Department of Street-Cleaning in New York is in Munich done by contractors employed and paid by private individuals. The street railway companies clean their own tracks and the space between the rails. This is done, and very well done, by sturdy young women. They wore, last summer, no distinctive dress, but were distinguished by a uniform straw hat.

Cologne was a great surprise to me. I remembered its condition twenty-five years ago, and had had very little occasion to notice it since. I found it scrupulously clean—cleaner than any other place that I saw in Europe, not only in its central show parts, but in its outlying and more obscure quarters as well. My earlier observation had recalled Coleridge's lines:

> The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

The "thousand and one stenches" for which the old city was noted have disappeared, and *eau de Cologne* no longer suggests a misnomer. The details of the method of work are similar to those of other Continental cities, and very similar to our own. The people seem to be well trained. Respect for the cleanliness of the streets has become a second nature. There is very little littering with paper and trash, receptacles are not set out long in advance of the arrival of the carts, and all of the details of the work and of the regulations by which it is directed are well thought out, well administered by the officials, and well received by the population.

Turin is very little behind Cologne in any respect. Its department is well organized, and here at last we found a distinctive street-cleaner's uniform, regularly worn and regularly inspected, and kept in good order. In winter the men wear high-crowned felt hats; in summer their hats, of the same shape, were of mixed straw, producing a light brownish effect. The uniform is of a striped blue and white cotton goods, rather heavy, and rather given to fade under washing and exposure to the sun, but very good withal. The men trundle heavy hand-carts, after the manner of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and the systems of collection and removal of sweepings are much the same. Turin covers a large area, and is the centre of an active traffic, which brings many horses and mules into the city, in addition to the cavalry and artillery regiments stationed there. The ordinary work is done by one superintendent, eight foremen, 84 special sweepers, 100 ordinary sweepers, and such a number of auxiliary sweepers as the work of the moment may require. These are usually needed only in emergencies. The pay of the superintendent is 60 cents per day; of the foremen, 50 cents; of the special sweepers, 45 cents; and of all others, 40 cents. The requirements for admission to the department are a knowledge of reading and writing, and age between 20 and 30 years, robust health, and a certificate of good character. The men are retired at the age of 40. Promotions are made for merit or by seniority. The most striking feature of the work in this city is its very low cost. The population was given to me as 340,000. Yet the whole expense of the department is only 532,500 lire (about $96,000). This is divided as follows:

The Chief Inspector	2,500 lire.
Sweeping and carting	220,000 "
Sprinkling	85,000 "
Tools and material	25,000 "
The removal of snow and ice	200,000 "

There are in the city and its suburbs about 8600 horses and mules.

Genoa differs little from Turin in its methods of street-cleaning, and is not very far behind it in the matter of tidiness and cleanliness. Its condition, as I saw it, was very satisfactory, and Americans living there told me that it is always kept in good order. It is evidently fully up to the general European standard. The marvel of it all is that the cost of its work should be so little. The wages of the workmen, the highest being only 40 cents per day, would seem not to be sufficient to account for the fact that the contractor who does the whole work has recently entered on a new engagement for four years, at an annual cost of $40,000.

Here, as in Turin, there are two classes of police—one for the care of the public safety and one for the maintenance of order. The latter, who guard the condition of the streets, wear natty cloth capes and long coats, both black, and ornamented with black braid. They are armed with light canes topped with a heavy metal head like a slung-shot. This or their dignified demeanor commands great respect.

In reviewing the whole subject of European street-cleaning as it came under my observation, the most important and suggestive consideration is that which concerns the relation of the people to the work, and, largely as leading to that, the manner in which the police intervenes to prevent the littering of the streets. The regulations in European towns are no better than ours. The laws and ordinances are substantially the same, but there is the immense difference that in Europe laws and ordinances mean something and are executed, while here they are treated as mere matters of form. The policeman in Turin would as soon think of letting a highwayman escape his notice and official attention as of disregarding a man who deliberately threw littering material into the street. I have seen policemen in Europe accost gentlemen, apparently foreigners, and politely but effectively request them to pick up a paper they had thrown away. I have seen policemen in New York—and the spectacle is observable at every turn—saunter in a dignified manner past a crowd of littering people, utterly unconscious of the fact that they were violating any rule or regulation, and apparently considering it beneath the dignity of their position to heed the suggestion of a citizen that they were not obeying their orders. Here lies, unquestionably, the great secret of the difference between our ways and European ways.

As to methods available for the improvement of the New York system, very little was observed. As a rule, our carts are better than theirs, being lighter and tighter; our brooms are probably better; and our methods of final disposition are quite as good, owing, no doubt, to our much better conditions for dumping refuse. Indeed, the only country in which important differences were found was Austria. The method of separating wastes at the point of final disposition in operation at Buda-Pesth was suggestive of very important improvements available here. So in Vienna I found the best street-sweeping machine, the best sprinkling-cart, and the best snow-plough. All of these will be tried here, and adopted if found sufficiently better than what we are now using.

Another matter of especial interest to New-Yorkers is that our system of street-sprinkling is entirely unique. So far as I could learn, the world has never before conceived of such a method—where only that part of the street lying in front of property whose owner pays the private contractor a sprinkling rate gets any sprinkling whatever, and where the volume of water used is regulated by the sweet will of the driver, without restraint from any official authority. In Europe street-sprinkling is always under the control of the authority by which street-cleaning is regulated. It is a necessary and inseparable part of the same work. There is a proposition now before our Legislature to extend and to increase the street-sprinkling monopoly of this city. I trust that the people will insist on the defeat of this measure, and so avoid the further tying up of their interests in this respect with the financial interests of a street-drenching company—with a pull—as at present. There is no more reason for farming out the work of sprinkling the streets than that of sweeping them. Both are functions of the municipal authorities, and should be kept under close control.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

V.—A CONFERENCE ON DECK.

"Here's a kettle of fish!" said Kidd, pulling his chin whisker in perplexity, as he and his fellow-pirates gathered about the Captain to discuss the situation. "I'm blest if in all my experience I ever sailed athwart anything like it afore. Pirating with a lot of low-down ruffians like you gentlemen is bad enough, but on a craft loaded to the water's edge with advanced women— I've half a mind to turn back."

"If you do, you swim—we'll not turn back with you," retorted Abeuchapeta, whom, in honor of his prowess, Kidd had appointed executive officer of the House-boat. "I have no desire to be mutinous, Captain Kidd, but I have not embarked upon this enterprise for a pleasure sail down the Styx. I am out for business. If you had thirty thousand women on board, still should I not turn back."

"But what shall we do with 'em?" pleaded Kidd. "Where can we go without attracting attention? Who's going to feed 'em? Who's going to dress 'em? Who's going to keep 'em in bonnets? You don't know anything about these creatures, my dear Abeuchapeta; and, by-the-way, can't we arbitrate that name of yours? It would be fearful to remember in the excitement of a fight."

"Call him Ab," suggested Sir Henry Morgan, with an ill-concealed sneer, for he was deeply jealous of Abeuchapeta's preferment.

"If you do I'll call you Morgue, and change your appearance to fit," retorted Abeuchapeta, angrily.

"By the beards of all my sainted Buccaneers," began Morgan, springing angrily to his feet, "I'll have your life!"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen—my noble ruffians!" expostulated Kidd. "Come, come; this will never do. I must have no quarrelling among my aides. This is no time for divisions in our councils. An entirely unexpected element has entered into our affairs, and it behooveth us to act in concert. It is no light matter—"

"Excuse me, captain," said Abeuchapeta, "but that is where you and I do not agree. We've got our ship and we've got our crew, and in addition we find that the Fates have thrown in a hundred or more women to act as ballast. Now I, for one, do not fear a woman. We can set them to work. There is plenty for them to do keeping things tidy; and if we get into a very hard fight, and come out of the mêlée somewhat the worse for wear, it will be a blessing to have 'em along to mend our togas, sew buttons on our uniforms, and darn our hosiery."

Morgan laughed sarcastically. "When did you flourish, if ever, Colonel?" he asked.

"Do you refer to me?" queried Abeuchapeta, with a frown.

"You have guessed correctly," replied Morgan, icily. "I have quite forgotten your date; were you a success in the year one, or when?"

"Admiral Abeuchapeta, Sir Henry," interposed Kidd, fearing a further outbreak of hostilities—"Admiral Abeuchapeta was the terror of the seas in the seventh century, and what he undertook to do he did, and his piratical enterprises were carried on on a scale of magnificence which is without parallel off the comic-opera stage. He never went forth without at least seventy galleys and a hundred other vessels."

Abeuchapeta drew himself up proudly.

"Six-ninety-eight was my great year," he said.

"That's what I thought," said Morgan. "That is to say, you got your ideas of women twelve hundred years ago, and the ladies have changed somewhat since that time. I have great respect for you, sir, as a ruffian. I have no doubt that as a ruffian you are a complete success, but when it comes to 'feminology' you are sailing in unknown waters. The study of women, my dear Abeuchadnezzar—"

"Peta," retorted Abeuchapeta, irritably.

"I stand corrected. The study of women, my dear Peter," said Morgan, with a wink at Conrad, which fortunately the seventh-century pirate did not see, else there would have been an open break—"the study of women is more difficult than that of astronomy; there may be two stars alike, but all women are unique. Because she was this, that, or the other thing in your day does not prove that she is any one of those things in our day—in fact, it proves the contrary. Why, I venture even to say that no individual woman is alike."

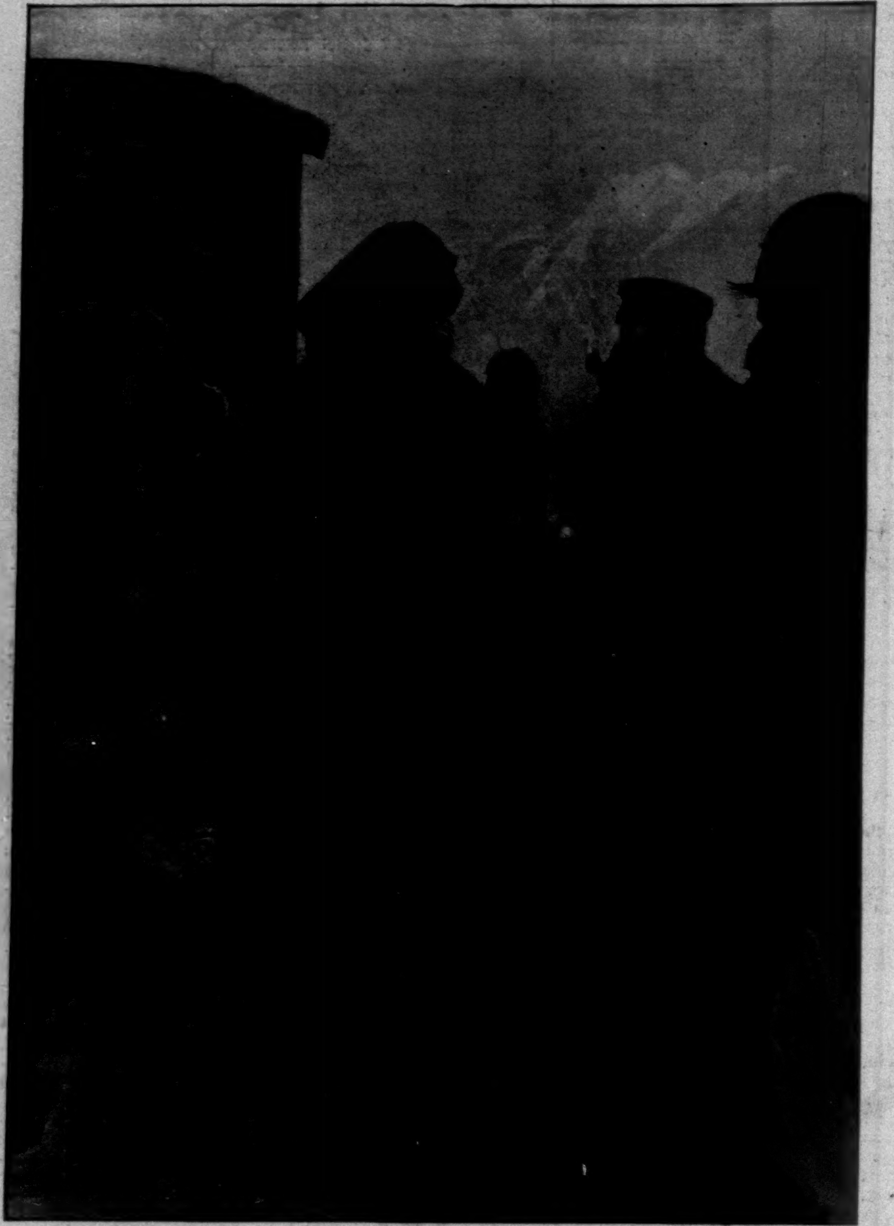
"That's rather a hazy thought," said Kidd, scratching his head in a puzzled sort of way.

"I mean that she's different from herself at different times," said Morgan. "What is it the poet called her?—'an infinite variety show,' or something of that sort; a perpetual vaudeville—a continuous performance, as it were, from twelve to twelve."

"Morgan is right, Admiral?" put in Conrad the corsair, acting temporarily as Bo'sun. "The times are sadly changed, and woman is no longer what she was. She is hardly what she is, much less what she was. The Roman Gynæceum would be an impossibility to-day. You might as well expect Delilah to open a barber-shop on board this boat as ask any of these advanced females belowstairs to sew buttons on a pirate's uniform after a fray, or to keep the fringe on his epaulets curled. They're no longer sewing-machines—they are Keeley motors for mystery and perpetual motion. Women have views now—they are no longer content to be looked at merely; they must see for themselves; and the more they see, the more they wish to domesticate man and emancipate woman. It's my private opinion that if we are to get along with them at all the best thing to do is to let 'em alone. I have always found I was better off in the abstract, and if this question is going to be settled in a purely democratic fashion by submitting it to a vote, I'll vote for any measure which involves leaving them strictly to themselves. They're nothing but a lot of ghosts anyhow, like ourselves, and we can pretend we don't see them."

"If that could be, it would be excellent," said Morgan; "but it is impossible. For a pirate of the Byronic order, my dear Conrad, you are strangely unversed in the ways of the sex which cheers but not inebriates. We can no more ignore their presence upon this boat than we can expect whales to spout kerosene. In the first place, it would be excessively impolite of us to cut them—to de-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2094.



"HERE'S A KETTLE OF FISH," SAID KIDD, PULLING HIS CHIN WHISKER IN PERPLEXITY.

cline to speak to them if they should address us. We may be pirates, ruffians, cut-throats, but I hope we shall never forget that we are gentlemen."

"The whole situation is rather contrary to etiquette, don't you think?" suggested Conrad. "There's nobody to introduce us, and I can't really see how we can do otherwise than ignore them. I certainly am not going to stand on deck and make eyes at them, to try and pick up an acquaintance with them, even if I am of a Byronic strain."

"You forget," said Kidd, "two essential features of the situation. These women are at present—or shortly will be, when they realize their situation—in distress, and a true gentleman may always fly to the rescue of a distressed female; and, the second point, we shall soon be on the seas, and I understand that on the fashionable transatlantic lines it is now considered *de rigueur* to speak to anybody you choose to. The introduction business isn't going to stand in my way."

"Well, may I ask," put in Abeuchapeta, "just what it is that is worrying you? You said something about feeding them, and dressing them, and keeping them in bonnets. I fancy there's fish enough in the sea to feed 'em; and as for their gowns and hats, they can make 'em themselves. Every woman is a milliner at heart."

"Exactly, and we'll have to pay the milliners. That is what bothers me. I was going to lead this expedition to London, Paris, and New York, Admiral. That is where the money is, and to get it you've got to go ashore, to headquarters. You cannot nowadays find it on the high seas. Modern civilization," said Kidd, "has ruined the pirate's business. The latest news from the other world has really opened my eyes to certain facts that I never dreamed of. The conditions of the day of which I speak are interestingly shown in the experience of our friend Hawkins here. Captain Hawkins, would you have any objection to stating to these gentlemen the condition of affairs which led you to give up piracy on the high seas?"

"Not the slightest, Captain Kidd," returned Captain Hawkins, who was a recent arrival in Hades. "It is a sad little story, and it gives me a pain for to think on it, but none the less I'll tell it, since you ask me. When I were a mere boy, fellow-pirates, I had but one ambition, due to my readin', which was confined to stories of a Sunday-school nater—to become somethin' different from the little Willies an' the clever Tommies what I read about therein. They was all good, an' they went to their reward too soon in life for me, who even in them days regarded death as a stuffy an' unpleasant diversion. Learnin' at an early period that virtue was its only reward, an' a-wishin' others, I says to myself: 'Jim, if you wishes to become a magnet in this village, be sinful. If so be as you are a good boy, an' kind to your sister an' all other animals, you'll end up as a prosperous father with fifteen hundred a year sure, with never no hope for no public preferment beyond bein' made the superintendent of the Sunday-school; but if so be as how you're bad, you may become famous, an' go to Congress, an' have your picture in the Sunday noospapers.' So I looks around for books tellin' how to get 'Famous in Fifty Ways,' an' after due reflection I settles in my mind that to be a pirate's just the thing for me, seein' as how it's both profitable an' healthy. Passin' over details, let me tell you that I became a pirate. I ran away to sea, an' by dint of perseverance, as the Sunday-school books useter say, in my badness I soon became the centre of a evil lot; an' when I says to 'em, 'Boys, I wants to be a pirate chief,' they hollers back, loud like, 'Jim, we're with you,' an' they was. For years I was the terror of the Venezuelan Gulf, the Spanish Main, an' the Pacific seas, but there was precious little money into it. The best pay I got was from a Sunday noospaper, which paid me well to sign an article on 'Modern Piracy' which I didn't write. Finally business got so bad the crew began to murmur, an' I was at my wits' ends to please 'em; when one mornin', havin' passed a restless night, I picks up a noospaper and sees in it that 'Next Saturday's steamer is a weritable treasure-ship, takin' out twelve million dollars, and the jewels of a certain prima donna valued at five hundred thousand.' 'Here's my chance,' says I, an' I goes to sea and lies in wait for the steamer. I captures her easy, my crew bein' hungry, an' fightin' according like. We steals the box a-holdin' the jewels an' the bag containin' the millions, hustles back to our own ship, an' makes for our rondyvoo, me with two bullets in my leg, four o' my crew killed, and one engin' of my ship disabled by a shot—but happy. Twelve an' a half millions at one break's enough to make anybody happy."

"I should say so," said Abeuchapeta, with an ecstatic shake of his head. "I didn't get that in all my career."

"Nor I," sighed Kidd. "But go on, Hawkins."

"Well, as I says," continued Captain Hawkins, "we goes to the rondyvoo to look over our booty. 'Captain 'Awkins,' says my valet—for I was a swell pirate, gents, an' never travelled nowhere without a man to keep my clothes brushed and the proper wrinkles in my trousers—'this 'ere twelve millions,' says he, 'is werry light,' says he, carryin' the bag ashore. 'I don't care how light it is, so long as it's twelve millions, Henderson,' says I; but my heart sinks inside o' me at his words, an' the minute we lands I sits down to investigate right there on the beach. I opens the bag, an' it's the one I was after—but the twelve millions!"

"Weren't there?" cried Conrad.

"Yes, they was there," sighed Hawkins, "but every bloomin' million was represented by a certified check, an' payable in London!"

"By Jingo!" cried Morgan. "What fearful luck! But you had the prima donna's jewels."

"Yes," said Hawkins, with a moan. "But they was like all other prima donna's—for advertisin' purposes only, an' made o' gum-arabic!"

"Horrible!" said Abeuchapeta. "And the crew, what did they say?"

"They was a crew of few words," sighed Hawkins. "Werry few words, an' not a civil word in the lot—mostly adjectives of a profane kind. When I told 'em what had happened, they got mad at Fortune for a-jiltin' of em, an'—well, I came here. I was 'sas'inated that werry night!"

"They killed you?" cried Morgan.

"A dozen times," nodded Hawkins. "They always was a lavish lot. I met death in all its most horrid forms. First they stabbed me, then they shot me, then they clubbed me, and so on, endin' up with a lynchin'—but I didn't mind much after the first, which hurt a bit. But now that I'm here I'm glad it happened. This life is sort of less responsible than that other. You can't hurt a ghost by shooting him, because there ain't nothing to hurt, an' I must say I like bein' a mere vision what everybody can see through."

"All of which interesting tale proves what?" queried Abeuchapeta.

"That piracy on the sea is not profitable in these days of the check banking system," said Kidd. "If you can get a chance at real gold it's all right, but it's of no earthly use to steal checks that people can stop payment on. Therefore it was my plan to visit the cities and do a little free-booting there, where the solid material wealth is to be found."

"Well? Can't we do it now?" asked Abeuchapeta.

"Not with these women tagging after us," returned Kidd. "If we went to London and lifted the whole Bank of England, these women would have it spent on Regent Street inside of twenty-four hours."

"Then leave them on board," said Abeuchapeta.

"And have them steal the ship!" retorted Kidd. "No. There are but two things to do. Take 'em back, or land them in Paris. Tell them to spend a week on shore while we are provisioning. Tell 'em to shop to their hearts' content, and while they are doing it we can sneak off and leave them stranded."

"Splendid!" cried Morgan.

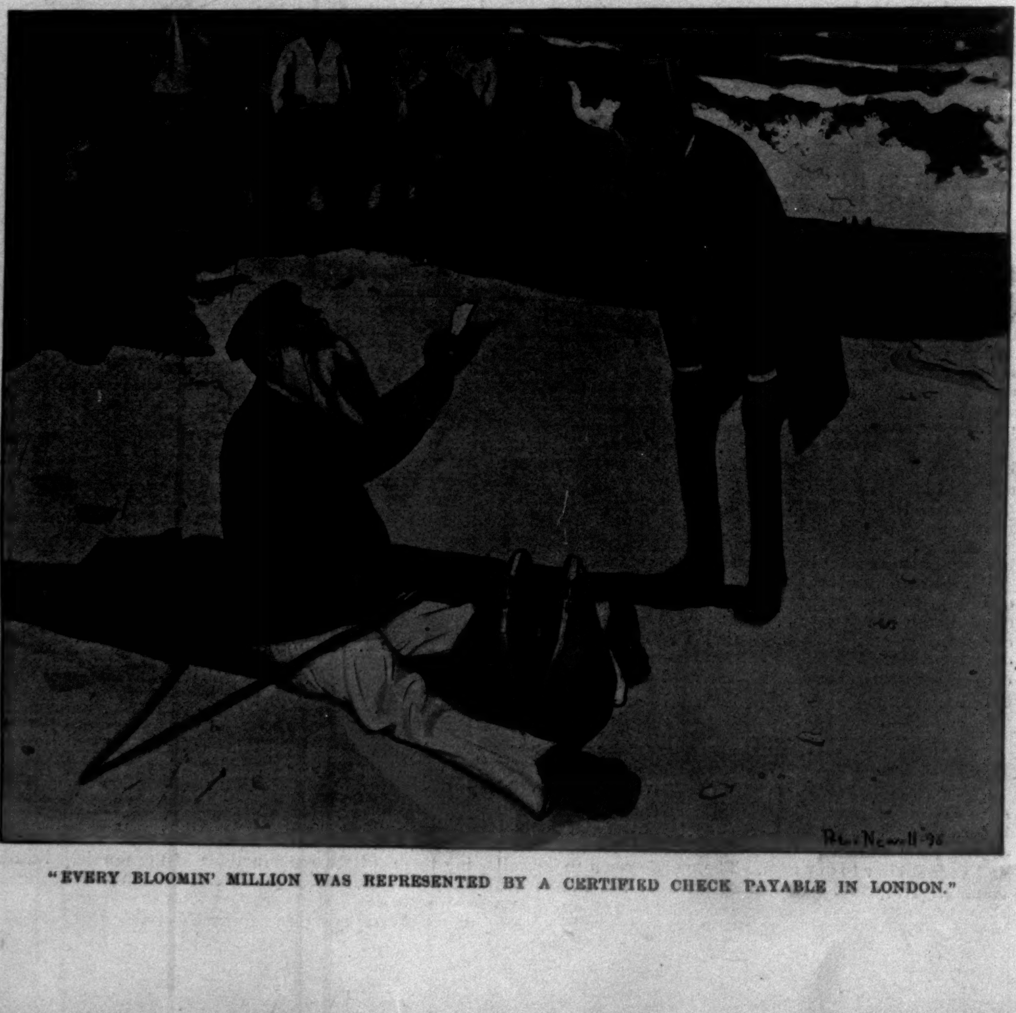
"But will they consent?" asked Abeuchapeta.

"Consent! To shop? In Paris? For a week?" cried Morgan.

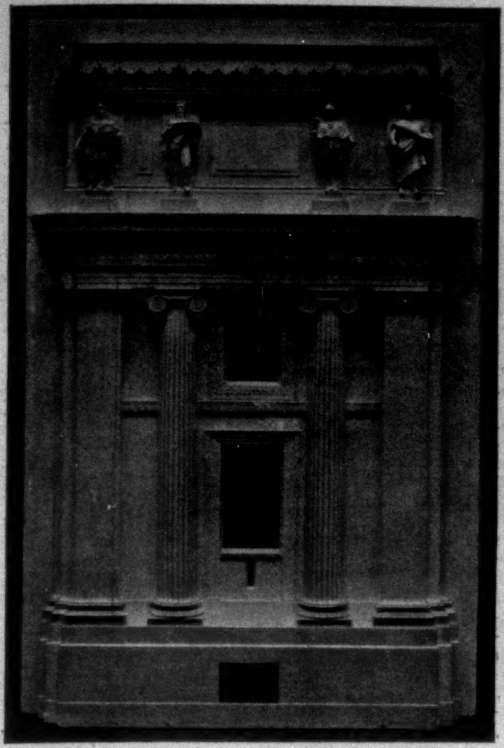
"Ha, ha!" laughed Hawkins. "Will they consent! Will a duck swim?"

And so it was decided, which was the first incident in the career of the House-boat upon which the astute Mr. Sherlock Holmes had failed to count.

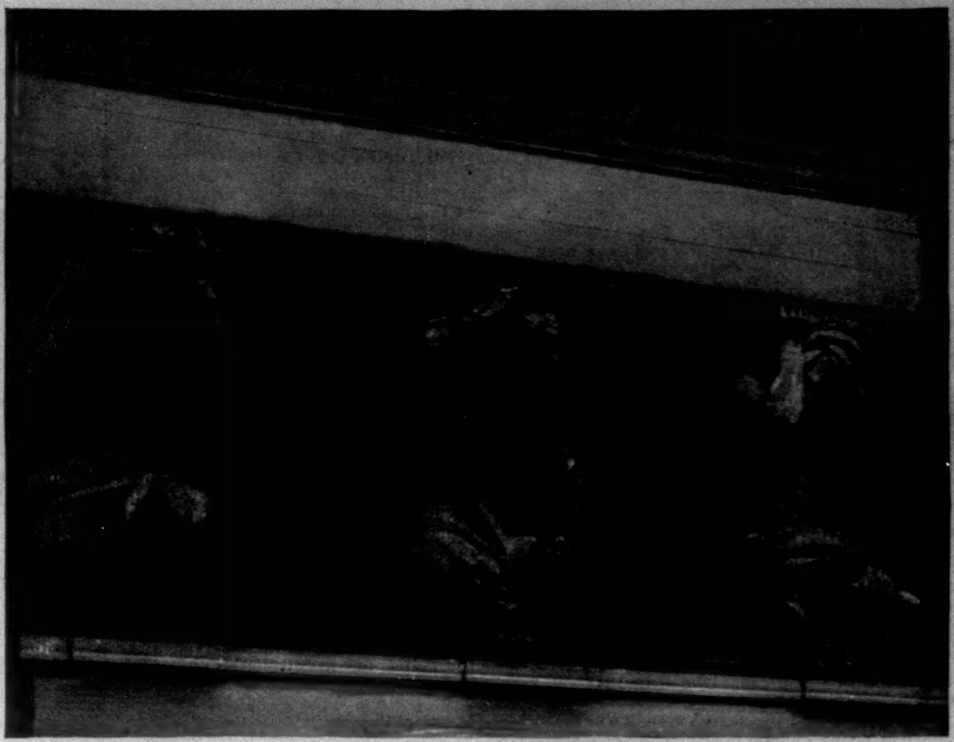
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



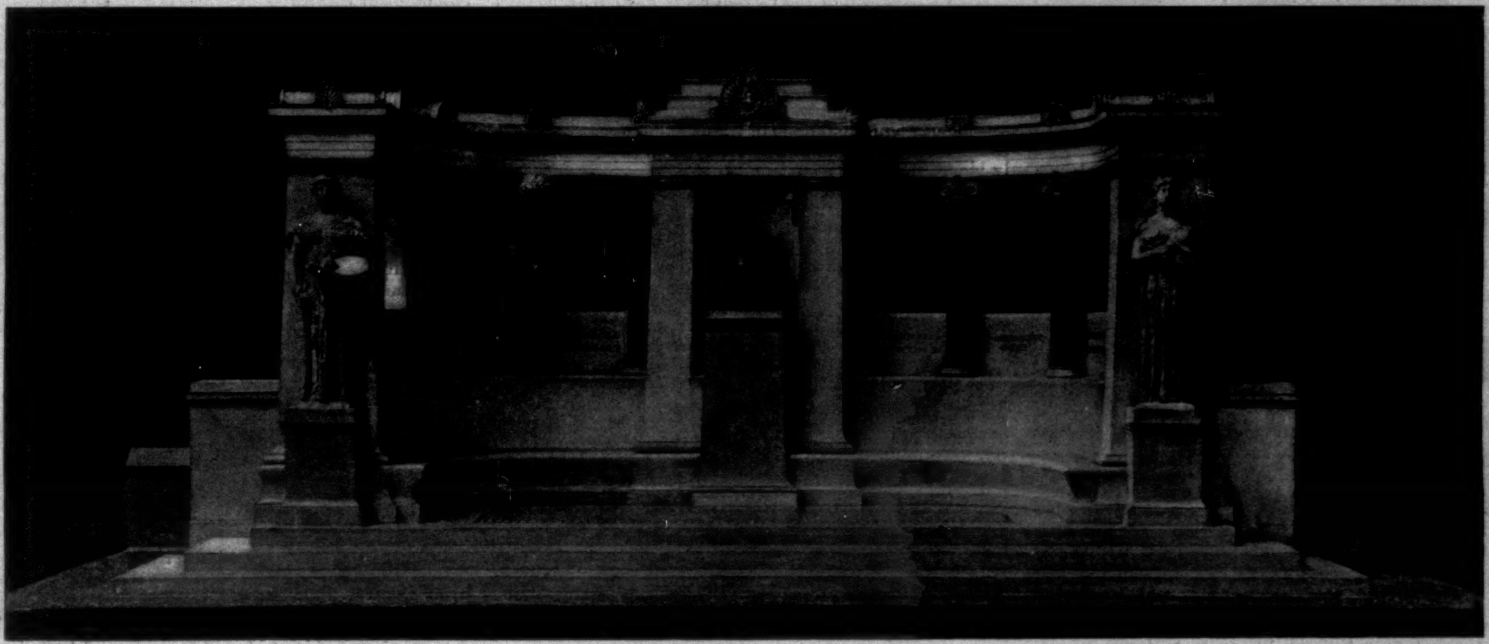
"EVERY BLOOMIN' MILLION WAS REPRESENTED BY A CERTIFIED CHECK PAYABLE IN LONDON."



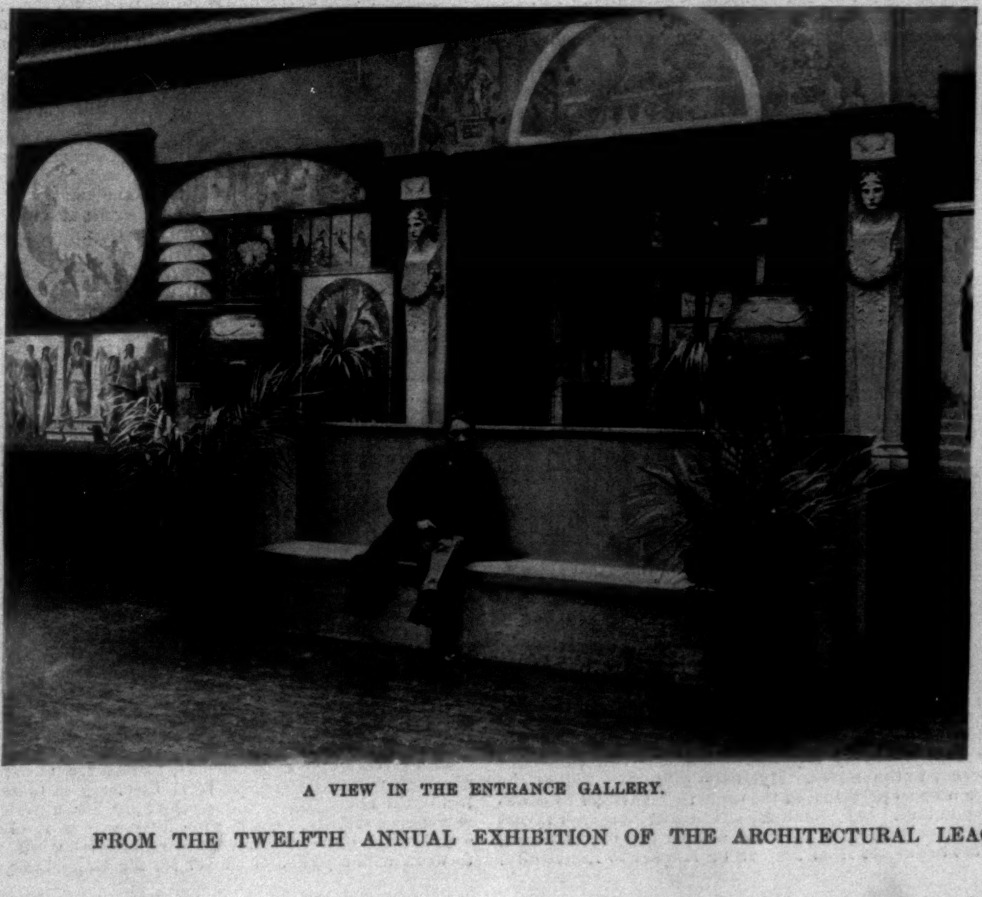
SCALE MODEL FOR BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.
D. C. French, Sculptor.—McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.



MODEL OF "ATLANTES" FOR ST. PAUL BUILDING, NEW YORK.
Karl Bitter, Sculptor.—George B. Post, Architect.



MODEL OF THE MEMORIAL TO RICHARD MORRIS HUNT.
Daniel Chester French, Sculptor.—Bruce Price, Architect.



A VIEW IN THE ENTRANCE GALLERY.

LEARNING.—By Herbert Adams.
Plaster Model for Marble Panel in the Welch Memorial.

FROM THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 234.]

PROFESSOR GEORGE R. CROOKS.

THE Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and all representatives of higher culture have sustained loss through the decease of Rev. George R. Crooks, D.D., LL.D., whose funeral, on Wednesday last, was attended by a large concourse of friends.

Born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1822, matriculant at Dickinson College in 1835, and graduating therefrom in 1840, he began his itinerant ministry in Illinois—where he had spent one of the intermediate years—in 1841. Recalled in autumn of the same year to his Alma Mater, he rendered excellent service as tutor, principal of the grammar-school, and adjunct Professor of Latin and Greek for seven years. Practice in the last-mentioned relation suggested preparation—in connection with Dr. John McClintock—of an Ollendorfian series of grammars and readers in 1846; and in association with Professor A. J. Schem, the publication of a Latin-English school lexicon, on the basis of C. F. Ingerslev's German-Latin Lexicon. Following these volumes was an annotated edition, with skilful analysis, of Butler's Analogy, left unfinished by President Robert Emory, of Dickinson.

Admitted to the Philadelphia Conference in 1843, transferred to the New York East Conference in 1857, and to the New York Conference in 1876, he filled many pulpits of rural and urban churches in succession. Literary work and ministerial labor went hand in hand. In 1876 he compiled the *Life and Letters of the Rev. John McClintock, D.D.*, his friend and collaborator; and after that the *Life of Bishop Matthew Simpson*, whose eloquent *Sermons* he subsequently edited. Elected to the chair of Historical Theology at Madison in 1880, he filled it, save for a brief interval, with acceptability and efficiency to the day of his death.

Labor therein was punctuated by frequent contributions —in which Christian ethics were applied to current affairs —to the Harper Brothers' publications, the New York *Tribune*, the religious press, and churchly libraries. These libraries profited by his production—in connection with Bishop John F. Hurst—of a portly and valuable volume on *Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology*. For the authorship of his *History of Christian Doctrine* Professor Crooks was excellently qualified by wide and varied reading, critical acumen, ripe and rare scholarship, and philosophic appreciation of the interplay of religious and political forces. Not less practical than projective, Dr. Crooks originated the idea and observance of Children's day in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and also the creation of the Sunday-school Children's Fund "to assist meritorious Sunday-school scholars who would, without such aid, be unable to obtain a complete education." This fund now amounts to about a quarter-million dollars.

Hearers of the Gospel seeking sense rather than sound, and preferring pure ethical spirituality to mere rhetoric, forgot the peculiarities of pulpit elocution in enjoyment of the delicious and wholesome repasts elaborated for them. Depth and force of conviction, intensity of eloquent appeal, and utter fearlessness characterized all deliverances on most questions in the polity of his own branch of the one Church of Christ. Naturally and purposefully he assumed leadership in ecclesiastical affairs. That portentous modification of the Methodist Episcopal constitution by which laymen were admitted to membership in the General Conference—the supreme legislative and judicial assembly of the Church—effected at Brooklyn, New York, in 1872, was largely of his devising. To give the device effect he accepted in 1860, and held for fifteen years, editorial charge of *The Methodist*, an able and excellent newspaper devoted to the proposed reform.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION.

TWELVE years ago, during the exhibition of the Water-Color Society, there were a few architectural drawings hung in one of the small rooms of the Academy of Design. This was the début of the Architectural League. This year its exhibition crowds the spacious galleries of the Fine Arts Building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, of which it is a third owner. In their way these exhibitions are unique, for painting and sculpture are here represented in their natural relation to architecture, and surrounded by the applied arts. Moreover, they are not a collection of finished work prepared for exhibition purposes, but of sketches and studies gathered in from the offices, studios, and work-shops, some of them crude records of a first conception, others detailed material for work being executed elsewhere. They represent, therefore, but a small part of the league's activity, and its best evidence of usefulness is to be found in the improved taste which has increasingly characterized the exteriors and interiors of public and private buildings during the last decade. The probe of taste has pierced even the pachydermatous hide of utilitarianism. Our very sky-scrapers are no longer mammoth Argus-eyed monsters, but cut the sky with dignified masses. Imagine the amazement, if nothing stronger, that a few years ago would have greeted an architect who ventured to suggest the employment of an eminent sculptor upon an office-building, as George B. Post has done in the case of Karl Bitter, whose magnificent "Atlantes" adorn the St. Paul Building. Mr. Post is the president of the Architectural League, Mr. Bitter one of its members, and the original sketches for these figures form a prominent feature in the exhibition, so that this is a good illustration of the influence of the society and the scope of its exhibitions.

A foremost leader in this propaganda of taste was the late Richard Morris Hunt, to whose memory the art societies are uniting to erect a monument. The model of this memorial, which will be the joint work of Bruce Price the architect and Daniel C. French the sculptor, occupies a place of honor in the exhibition. The sketch shows that it will be a noble tribute to the dead and a brilliant example to the living. For the spirit in which the design is conceived is just that which should animate such monuments. There has been no effort at self-glorification of either the makers or doners, but a stately reverence for the dead and a simple expression of the motive which actuated his work—love of the beautiful. In the long, low, sweeping curve there are a quietude and tender attractiveness, assisted by the chaste simplicity of the columns and cornices. Dignity is obtained by the sober force of the central mass which commands attention for the bust, while the subordinate masses at the sides complete the tranquil balance of the whole. The strong repose of the two end figures, representing respectively Architecture, and Painting and Sculpture combined, sets the key-note of spirituality which pervades the conception. On the panels are inscribed the names of the following societies: the Century Association, Municipal Art Society, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Architectural League, National Sculpture Society, National Academy of Design, Society of American Artists, American Institute of Architects, American Water-Color Society, and Society of Beaux-Arts Architects. These names are at once an endorsement of the past and a pledge for the future.

Another feature of the exhibition is Paul W. Bartlett's sketch for the Sherman memorial, which, it will be remembered, the committee of the Army of the Tennessee did not accept, though recommended by the experts they had invited to advise them. As a monument it is nobly impressive in bulk and outline; the equestrian statue is instinct with spirit, and the seated figures are dignified in sentiment and harmonious in form. The whole design is as far removed as possible from the commonplace or mainly biographical method.

It is a graceful tribute to the genius of the late Olin L. Warner, and, as he was not a member of the league, a proof of the latter's catholicity, that space has been afforded for a very large number of his works. The display is full of interest, more especially in the case of the portraits, which, besides revealing the extraordinary technical skill of the artist, give an insight into the personal charm of the man. Of more immediate interest, however, is the model of the bronze doors for the new Library of Congress. The lower panels, representing Imagination and Memory, are in comparatively low relief, causing the eye to rise to the strongly emphatic lunette. Tradition is in the centre, with Youth at her feet, and surrounding her are types of early man, the prehistoric and the primitive, the Viking and red Indian. The composition is forceful even to severity, and impresses by its masterly distribution of main and subordinate masses, and by the mingled repetition and contrast of the lines.

In the gallery devoted to color, the two most typical designs are those of Elihu Vedder for a mosaic and John La Farge for a window. Mr. Vedder grasps so thoroughly the purposes and possibilities of a design. The salient features of this one can be rendered into mosaic without loss of value; its characterization is complete and noble; and as a decoration—that is to say, as a surface brocaded with lines and masses—it is superb. Its coloring may be considered dull, but it will probably be found to harmonize with the space it has to decorate at Washington. Mr. La Farge's sketch for a window in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in this city promises splendor of color. In the detail drawing every line of the drapery and of the repeating and continuing curves of the border is in tenderest sympathy with the yielding pose of the figure and rapturous surrender of the face. The motive never falters; there is the completest harmony between the sentiment and design. When color, composition, and detail are thus made contributory to one elevated conception, it is great work.

CHARLES CAFFIN.

RANDSBURG, A DESERT MINING TOWN.

BY HENRY G. TINSLEY.

OF all the stampedes of men and youths to new mining camps there have been in California and the southwest Territories in the past twenty-five years, none has quite equalled in spontaneity, intensity, and permanence the rush to Randsburg this season. The stampede began last October, and has grown each week. Old miners who have been in every mining camp on the Pacific coast during the last generation, and have joined a score or more stampedes of excited men to new diggings, say that Randsburg is now where Virginia City, Nevada, was in 1868, just before the Bonanza ledges were found and the $178,000,000 therefrom was yet to be dug.

Randsburg is situated in the southeastern part of Kern County, close to the northern edge of the great sprawling county of Los Angeles. It is in the northern extremity of the region known indefinitely and popularly as southern California. According to the United States survey, the camp is located in section 35, township 29, range 40, east of Mount Diablo meridian. The Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroads run within thirty miles of Randsburg, and passengers for the mines leave the railroads at Mojave and Kramer stations. Stages go back and forth from the camp to the stations every day, and do a thriving passenger business to the mines. Hundreds of miners and others have been so poor, and at the same time so eager to get to the diggings, lest Fortune shall have distributed her favors ere they arrive, that they have started pell-mell, on foot, across the desert from Mojave or Kramer to Randsburg, with their blankets and camp-kettles, pans and simple tools, suspended from their necks and across their backs.

One year ago the site of Randsburg was as desolate, barren, and forbidding a locality as one can imagine anywhere in the Union. None but men hungry for gold would ever go there. The locality of the mines is among dead, bald, and scarred foot-hills along the western hem of the Mojave Desert. A remorseless waste of yellow sand stretches away as far as the eye can reach to the south and east. Fifty miles farther, beyond hazy purple mountains, lies Death Valley. When the borax-fields near Death Valley were worked, Mexican and half-breed Indian teamsters used to haul wagon-loads of borax in the vicinity where Randsburg has sprung up. No one but them ever went that way. But in December of 1895, when the weather was cool and agreeable on the desert, mining prospectors did go into those barren foot-hills, and they found that hidden beneath the sand and sun-baked earth were fissures of rock rich with particles of gold. That was enough. To-day there are over 4000 people in and about Randsburg, each devising some scheme for finding those fissures or for getting the gold from fissures already discovered. On January 1 there were 3000 people at Randsburg, and by April the number will no doubt be increased to 5000. At present the camp is growing at the rate of 200 persons a week.

Randsburg takes its name from the Rand group of mines, which in turn were so named for the sentimental reason that they were found at a time that the Rand mines in South Africa became the richest and most famous in the world. In this land of boom and mushroom towns, people say that no town has ever grown so fast as this. The community began to grow last September. The value of the ore shipped in sacks to the San Francisco smelters went abroad at that time, and the fact that two Rand Mines just opened had produced $24,000 worth of ore in ten days was passed from one miner in Los Angeles to another. No one has ever been able to tell how the information got out, but when the news that the brand-new Wedge Mine had got from one week's product of ore some $18,000, the miners all over southern California were wild at once. The newspapers were then in a red-hot political campaign, and but few facts about the new mines were published. Nevertheless, there began a stampede for Randsburg, and before the middle of October there were more than 1200 men on the scene. When November came the number had grown to 2500. The heat in the region was severe in September and October, and on many days the temperature rose to 110° in the shade, and sometimes to 118°. The only food obtainable was canned meats, vegetables, stale breadstuffs, and pork and beans.

No climate or disagreeable facts about life and diet ever deterred a gold-miner. The hot alkali, sandy waste for miles was traversed over by ardent, restless prospectors. Lawyers, ranchmen, orchardists, merchants, boys from college, teachers, Mexicans, Yankees, and people of all nationalities except Chinese and Indians joined, in twos or threes or alone, in the feverish search for outcroppings of rock wherein to locate a gold-mine. Every cañon within 100 miles of the Rand ledges was searched through and through, every protruding rock and every hummock of rotten granite was blasted or dug open in the eager search for veins of gold quartz. A few men died of hunger and privation on the desert.

Before November some 800 mining claims were posted in the Randsburg district. Up to date some 4300 mining claims have been made in the locality. An area of some fifteen miles square has been posted with mining claims. Many of them are absurd for mining locations, for about eight out of ten have been made by persons who have never even been in a mining region before. Many claims have been abandoned a week after they have been made.

In three months Randsburg changed from a desert waste to as lively a mining town as there is in the world. It has grown faster than even Tombstone in 1879, or the Comstock in 1869; for in those days there was no railroad communication to aid in a rapid growth of the mining towns. Whether Randsburg will grow to the importance of either Cripple Creek or Leadville depends upon the continued success of the newly found prospects there, and the finding of water among the mountains away off to the north in sufficient quantity to operate the mines economically.

"This is the richest gold camp 'on top' I ever knew," said Colonel George Ellison, who is in Randsburg, fresh from South Africa, and was formerly of the Treadwell Mine in Alaska, "but the development is so small as yet that one hates to say more. If the ledges now being developed extend a thousand or more feet in the ground, this will be the greatest mining town the world has ever seen, notwithstanding the fierce summer heat. I've seen this week chunks from four mines here that have assayed at the rate of even $3800 a ton."

The artist who visits Randsburg will find an abundance of vivid local color. The town has four rough wooden buildings called hotels. At each of them there is a call every night for accommodations by over one hundred men, while but fifty men have the privilege of paying one dollar each for sleeping in bunks arranged in tiers of four, one above the other, and looking at will through the cracks between the boards upon the moonlight scene across the barren stretch of sands. There are five restaurants—all built in the last thirty days—where meals are served at long counters of planed redwood lumber as high as one's chin. Hundreds of men have paid fifty cents a night for the use of blankets out on the hill-sides these cool winter weeks. In and about the town are some seven hundred tents, for on the desert camping is more agreeable than living in any house.

The dance-halls and saloons that follow closely in the wake of every rush to a new mining camp are numerous. The most stately building is the dance-hall. It is recruited from San Francisco and Los Angeles, and the proprietors do a land-office business seven nights in the week. Saloons are built in short rows here and there about the new town on the desert. The saloons number twenty-four, and the scarcity of all lumber for knocking together some sort of a structure is the only reason there are no more of them.

Three years ago F. M. Mooers, formerly a newspaper man in Brooklyn, went out from Los Angeles to get information about placer-mines at Goler for a series of newspaper articles. He became interested in the life of a mining camp, and abandoning reportorial work, went to work with a pick and shovel for the Goler Company.

The Bear. "I always believe in exercising before eating a hearty meal."

On days when there was no work he and a friend, C. A. Burcham, found pleasure in studying the volcanic formation of the rocks and hills about them.

They conceived the idea that the golden flakes that they washed from the Goler gravel must have originally come from a ledge of gold-bearing ore in that region. The old miners laughed, and said that practical mining had long ago exploded such a theory. Nevertheless, Mooers and Burcham became the more convinced that there were ledges of gold-bearing ore in that region, covered by the sand and sun-baked soil, and they continued their search. For months in 1895 they travelled about in a lumber-wagon drawn by mules, across the desert and among the mountains and along the foot-hills. Every day they prospected from dawn until dark.

Many times they were about to give up their search, because of their suffering for lack of food and water. One night in October of 1895 Mooers and Burcham slept in a desolate dry cañon. The next morning, while they were foraging for grease-roots with which to cook their breakfast, Burcham came across a bit of protruding rock. He went back to the wagon, got his hammer, as he had done thousands of times before, and knocked off a chunk of the rock. He and Mooers looked it over. The gold was sticking out in pin-head particles. Both men could hardly believe their eyes. Another chunk was knocked from the butte. Mooers and Burcham sat down and looked it over with their pocket magnifying-glasses.

"Burch, we've struck it!" cried Mooers. "There's no need to look further. All we've got to do is to shovel the whole mountain into a stamp-mill and barrel up our gold."

There was no further thought of breakfast in that camp that day. An assayer in Los Angeles subsequently found that the first chunk of rock taken out was worth in gold $9 50. It was of the size of a large cabbage. For weeks Mooers and Burcham kept their find a secret. They went over and over the mountain, until they believed they knew all the best ledges in it. These ledges are known as the Rand Mines. They called in an experienced quartz-miner, John Singleton, and with him located some eight mines there. Then, when they had made good titles to their finds, they called in capital, and they have since been developing their group of mines. Several times they have had offers of hundreds of thousands of dollars for a half-interest in the property. The first week in February they shipped to the San Francisco smelters $58,000 worth of gold ore.

There are other men who have gone to Randsburg poor, and whose lucky strokes of the hammer on ledges have made them rich. There's Dan Kelsey, who was a teamster on a wagon that used to haul borax from Death Valley to Mojave. He hauled lumber to the Rand Mine last July, before the richness of the rocks there was known by more than 100 persons. He was used to the drought of the blistering desert, and dared much where other men would be timid. He spent two weeks following "float" from a ledge up Yucca Cañon. He hammered and pecked his way for six miles, and one Sunday he chipped off a piece of quartz that made his eyes swim at the sight of the golden flecks. That piece of rock is now exhibited in a bank in Los Angeles, and it led to Dan's getting a partner to invest $20,000 for a half-interest. With this capital two tunnels have been blasted into the ledge for 145 feet, and every pound of the rock has sold at good prices. The mine, known as the Blue Daisy, was sold early in December for $170,000, with which Daniel Kelsey and family have now gone on a tour of Europe.

Last spring Cyrus Drouillard was eking out a bare existence as a country constable in Kern County. He went over to what is now Randsburg one day last June to serve some legal papers. He saw what the Rand Mine was doing, and lost no time in going out to prospect in that region. He spent several weeks in prowling about the foothills searching for signs of mineral wealth. He risked thirst and hunger, and slept where night overtook him, only to follow up a lead at daybreak.

One evening, as he was munching on his lonely supper of canned corned beef and crackers, he saw a mass of live rock that looked more promising than any he had seen in several days. It was too dark to do much at investigating it that night. So he simply drilled a hole a few inches deep that evening, and the next morning put in a small dynamite candle. When the charge had been exploded, he ran back to see what his blast had revealed. His trained eyes told him he had at last made his stroke of fortune. Where that charge of dynamite blew open a projecting rock, out on the yellow blistering sands of the Mojave Desert, six miles east of Randsburg, Cy Drouillard located the St. Elmo Mine. He has had several offers of $300,000 for the property, but he declines to listen to any offers, and says it is worth millions to him. That may seem strange to the average reader when the information is added that the shaft into the St. Elmo Mine is down but about 180 feet, and the only works about it are a common windlass, a length of wire cable, and a few ore-buckets.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG DEBTS.

HOW MUCH MONEY HE HAS BORROWED, AND WHAT IT HAS COST HIM TO OWE IT.

More than eleven years ago the Register of the Treasury began the tabulation of facts concerning the government's interest-bearing debts. The work was suspended for a time, under the retrenchment ordered by the Secretary of the Treasury at the suggestion of the Dockery Commission. But Register J. Fount Tillman believed the work to be of too much importance to lie half finished, and he has had a commission of expert clerks at work for three years bringing the figures to-

(*Continued on page 236.*)

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For the year ending December 31 1896

According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME.

Received for Premiums	$39,593,414 20
From all other Sources	10,109,281 07
	$49,702,695 27

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$12,595,113 39
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	12,842,456 11
For all other Accounts	10,781,005 64
	$36,218,575 14

ASSETS.

United States Bonds and other Securities	$110,125,082 15
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	71,543,929 56
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,091,525 00
Real Estate	22,767,666 65
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	12,680,390 00
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,535,555 06
	$234,744,148 42
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	205,010,633 72
Surplus	$29,733,514 70
Insurance and Annuities in force	$918,698,338 45

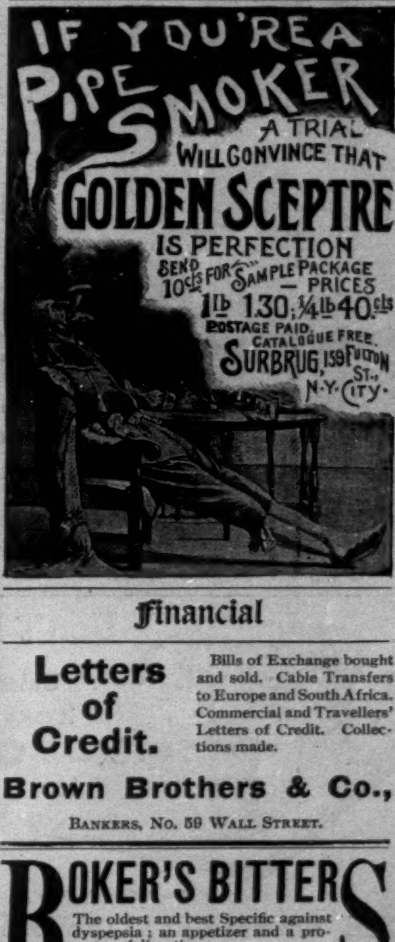
I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department

Charles A. Preller Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President

Walter R. Gillette — General Manager
Isaac F. Lloyd — 2d Vice-President
Frederic Cromwell — Treasurer
Emory McClintock — Actuary



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(Continued from page 235.)

gether. The facts concerning the interest paid and the expenses incurred by the Treasury Department in connection with the public loans were tabulated a year and a half ago. The facts about the discounts and premiums have just been tabulated, and the work of the commission is about complete. It has been a stupendous undertaking, and one which has required the most careful attention and the most intricate knowledge of accounts. The later work has been in the hands of Major M. H. De Knight, who was in the Treasury service for many years, and who was reinstated, after his name had been dropped from the rolls, because Register Tillman believed he was best fitted to carry on the work of this commission. He was a member of the original commission, all the other members of which are dead or out of the public service.

It is not alone interesting to know what it has cost Uncle Sam to borrow the billions which he has needed since the organization of the republic—it is valuable as well; and singularly enough, there has never been any publication of a comprehensive character giving a history of the public debt, except a volume issued thirteen years ago by the Superintendent of the Census. This volume was prepared by a Treasury clerk named Bailey. A copy of it lies in the Register's office, and almost every page is scored with pencil entries showing gross errors which have been discovered as the recent investigation has proceeded. There are some inexcusable errors in the publication, such as mistakes in addition. There are others which were excusable, because Mr. Bailey could not have had the facts before him without going through the ten years of research in the old Treasury accounts which has been made by the commission in the Register's office. It has involved the examination and comparison of hundreds of thousands of accounts, of millions of entries. It has shown the existence of amazing confusion in some of the old Treasury accounts. It has not developed any evidence of fraud, unless some was committed in the payment of commissions for negotiating loans, and this is something that only contemporary history could show.

Every other year Congress makes the appropriations for the government service before the 4th of March. These appropriations are for the fiscal year beginning on the 1st of July following. No one could tell so far ahead how much interest the Treasury might have to pay on the public debt during the ensuing year, and so the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to make the payments from a gross sum estimated to cover all possible demands of this character. It has been customary to name the appropriation for interest as the interest paid each year. In fact the interest paid is always less than this appropriation. But to get at the exact interest paid and the amount paid on each loan, the Treasury commission was obliged to go back to the musty files and hunt out the original vouchers. The vouchers were found to be in a confused state. The five-twenties of 1865, the consols of 1865, and the consols of 1867, for example, were all classed as the loan of 1865, and all warrants for the payment of interest on these loans were made on the same forms, this because the loans were all negotiated under the same law—that of March 3, 1865. Often payments of interest represented several loans, and to make the division they were traced back to the original entries in the files. Sometimes an entry would be for premium "less accrued interest," and to make the distinction between the part of this which was interest and the part which was premium, the commission had to go back to the original papers. Tracing all of these entries has been a stupendous task. Now that the work is done, however, it forms a complete history of the public debt, absolutely accurate, showing the conditions under which each loan was negotiated by the government, the premium paid or discount allowed, the interest paid (both the rate and the gross amount), the premium paid on bonds redeemed before maturity, and all of the expenses incurred by the government in negotiating original or refunded loans. A few years ago, when an attempt was made to tabulate this information, it was stated by those who undertook the work that it could not be done thoroughly. What seemed impossible then has been accomplished.

The figures in the report of the commission will show the chief facts about the public debt only to 1885. The investigation was limited to that year. It is impossible to bring them up to the current year, because it requires a long time to make up the Treasury accounts, and in some cases it has taken several years to get sets of vouchers through the Auditor's office and to file them as finally approved. Prior to 1885 the government had paid during fifty-one years $2,273,102,-282 09 in interest on the public debt.

From 1789 to 1834, inclusive, it paid, approximately, $152,893,647 65. From July 1, 1885, to June 30, 1895, the interest paid was $367,146,578 66. The entire amount of interest on the public debt paid from 1789 to June 30, 1895, therefore, was about $2,793,-142,508 40. This was the largest item of expense in connection with the government's debts.

Other losses were the premium paid on the purchase of loans from January 1, 1835, to June 30, 1895, and the discount sustained on the issue or sale of loans prior to 1835 ($6,266,715 42), amounting in all to $123,674,-680 27; the commissions paid on the purchase of various loans, $12,343,803 36; and the amount paid for general expenses or purposes, $26,886,190 80—and we have the gross cost of the government debt from 1789 to June 30, 1895, $2,962,313,898 25.

The general expenses include salaries paid to employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the bonds were prepared; some $3,000,000 paid to express companies for transporting the bonds; half a million for inks and coloring; half a million for advertising for bids on bonds; a quarter of a million for distinctive paper; expenses of agents in London; travelling expenses; machinery; and every other possible feature of expense in the preparation, issue, and sale of bonds.

As an offset to this expense, there is a profit of $55,822,050 97, realized from premiums on the sale of loans and discount on their purchase and redemption. So the net cost of the government's indebtedness for a little more than a century has been about $2,906,491,847 28.

George Grantham Bain.

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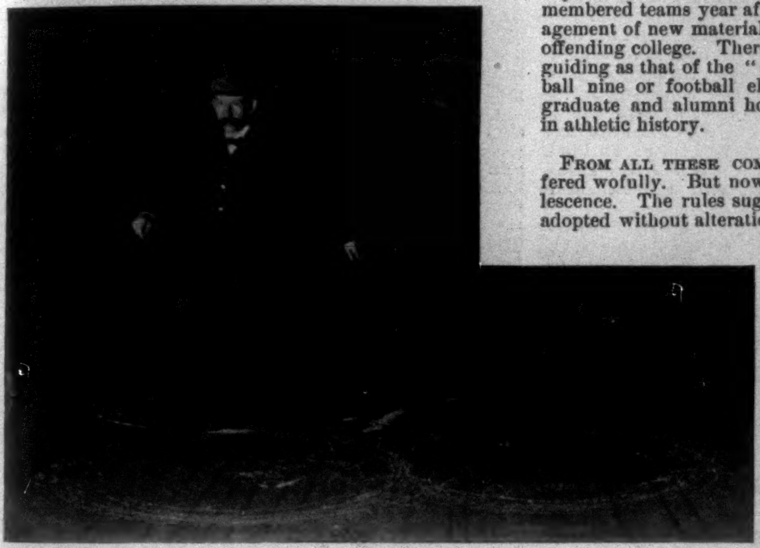
AMATEUR-SPORT

THERE IS SUCH GOOD NEWS of athletic reform coming out of the middle West that we very sincerely regret sufficient space is not at command in this issue to give it detailed publication. But we shall give enough to show that, having become convinced of the righteousness of the crusade, a majority of the colleges of the middle West are now earnestly working for its success.

At a faculty conference held a year ago last December, in Chicago, the situation was frankly discussed, and a code of rules suggested which appeared to correct most of the athletic ills. Several of the colleges adopted these rules *in toto*, and several amended them so that the very evils which it was devoutly hoped would be destroyed were permitted to flourish without hinderance. One of the universities which adopted the original draft of rules subsequently repudiated a part of them for the depraved purpose of strengthening its football eleven.

Nevertheless, the effort for improvement was, on the whole, successful, and the athletic situation of 1896 infinitely healthier than it had been the previous year.



GEORGE D. PHILLIPS,
American Amateur Figure-skating Champion.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE LAST FOOTBALL SEASON, or, more correctly speaking, in December, 1896, another faculty conference was held in Chicago, and another and broader code of rules suggested to the middle Western colleges, supplemented by an appeal for union in the cause of sport for sport's sake. These rules were simpler and yet more comprehensive, and in substance contained the following excellent provisions:

No one who has played on any other college team will be allowed to play on the 'varsity teams until he shall have been in regular attendance one year.

No person who has ever received any remuneration for his athletic services will be allowed to participate in any contest.

No student can play more than four years as an undergraduate, and only two years as a graduate.

No instructor of the university shall be allowed to play on any team.

No student shall be allowed to play under an assumed name.

No student delinquent in his studies will be permitted to enter any contest.

All intercollegiate contests shall be played under student management.

Managers and captains of teams in each college must be approved by its committee on athletics.

College football teams shall play only with teams representing educational institutions.

Before every intercollegiate contest a certified list of the eligible players to participate in such contest must be exchanged.

Each candidate for a university team must subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

The most important and most needful features of these rules are the provisions against professionals and delinquent students and the establishment of a one-year residence rule. Hitherto the stumbling-block in the way of wholesome sport in most middle Western colleges has been the toleration of the athlete who followed baseball as a profession in his vacation and was accepted as a candidate for university nines on the opening of term-time. A man might be a professional in any branch of athletics and it had no bearing whatever on his collegiate eligibility. Naturally corruption followed upon such loose doctrine.

THE ABSENCE OF A ONE-YEAR RESIDENCE rule left another avenue of traffic for the itinerant athlete, who mayhap played baseball for one college in the spring and football for another in the autumn. The license given this athletic pest not only brought disgrace upon the college that harbored him, but added greatly to the difficulties encountered by smaller colleges, like Beloit, Lake Forest, Illinois, and others, that were striving to establish their sport upon a healthful basis. The development of a good performer at one of these was certain to be followed by "inducements" to him from one of the larger and athletically conscientiousless institutions.

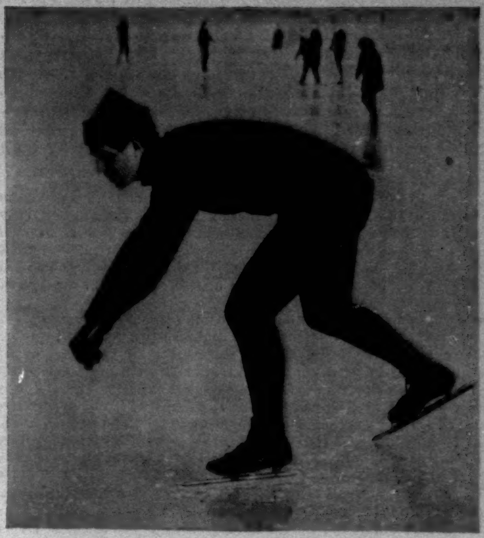
Then, too, the number of years of play has been stretched beyond reasonable limit, and the same individuals have membered teams year after year, to the complete discouragement of new material, and to the final undoing of the offending college. There is no fetich in athletics so misguiding as that of the "star" player. The all-star baseball nine or football eleven has shattered more undergraduate and alumni hopes than any other combination in athletic history.

FROM ALL THESE COMPLAINTS the middle West suffered wofully. But now comes the assurance of convalescence. The rules suggested last December have been adopted without alteration by Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Chicago, Illinois, and Purdue. This list includes the leading colleges of the middle West, with the single exception of Northwestern, which has refused to accept the rule barring out professionals and the one limiting the playing years of an undergraduate. It is not pleasing to view Northwestern's unsupported opposition to clean sport, especially as her objection is based purely on the venal one of hoped-for football success through the retention of two old players, Van Doozer and Potter. At a recent meeting of the Northwestern athletic committee it was decided that the rule barring men who have played four years before taking a degree should be accepted, but not put into operation until after December 31, '97.

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE that Northwestern may be compelled by the other universities to put these rules into immediate effect, or, failing to do so, suffer athletic isolation. Michigan and Minnesota and Chicago are agreed in believing it wisest to insist upon the instant recognition of these rules from all colleges with which they have athletic relations. Chicago had a prolonged internal discussion over the adoption of the new rules, but the advocates of clean sport finally won, aided no doubt by the declaration of Athletic-Instructor Stagg that he had closed a contract for a series of five baseball games with Michigan under the new rules, because "that was the only condition under which Manager Atkinson [of Michigan] would make a contract for five games."

It appears that Michigan was not only of the first to adopt these rules, but has been one of the most earnest laborers in the conversion of others. This is not the only good work I have heard of Mr. Atkinson's doing.

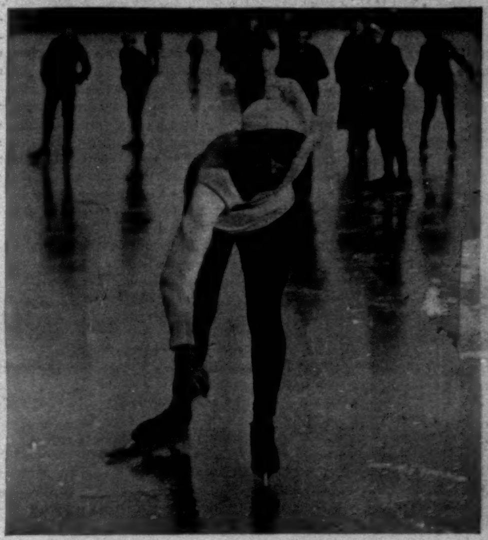
After last year's experience we cannot be certain of Wisconsin's ultimate course until that inscrutable Board of Regents has passed upon the recently suggested rules. Wisconsin was a party to the faculty conference last December, and proclaimed her adoption of the rules. But Wisconsin was also a party to the conference of '95, and then, as now, publicly declared her adoption of the



A. Y. MORGAN,
Interscholastic Speed-skating Champion.

rules, and subsequently was the first—the only one, in fact—to break them. A vigorous campaign has been making at Madison, since that time, looking to the enlightenment of the Board of Regents, and no doubt a majority of them stand reclaimed. It is sorrowful that a university so great and beneficient should have had its athletic escutcheon besmirched through a policy so small and vicious!

THERE IS NO DOUBT whatever that the leading universities of the middle West have finally and definitely settled upon a course of action which will shortly put the ethics



CHARLES McCLAVE,
The most promising of the season's Distance-skating Champions.
Winner 1-Mile Novice and 25-Mile Open.

of their sport beyond criticism. A reform wave is sweeping over the country. Nor is its impetus derived only from faculty support; the undergraduates and the alumni, most obdurate of all offenders, are for the better part united in a desire for wholesome conditions. One of the indications to this end is the decision at Michigan to abandon the employment of professional coaches from the East. The football eleven of this university will next

† Aluf. A. Rudd, Minneapolis, Minn. — † W. R. Letts, Hoboken, N. J. — * Julius Seyler, Munich, Bavaria. — * Alfred Naess, Christiania, Norway. — * C. E. Greene, Smith's Fall. — * M. Lordahl, Christiania, Norway. — * A. E. Pilkie, Toronto.

S. Montgomery, Sec. and Treas. National Skating Ass'n of U. S. — * J. K. McCulloch, Winnipeg, Man. — † Harley Davidson, Minneapolis, Minn. — † John Nilsson, Minneapolis, Minn. — † Howard P. Mosher, Storm King, N. Y. — † Jos. F. Donoghue, Newburgh, N. Y. — * Ernest Higgins, St. John, N. B. — * W. H. Merritt, St. John, N. B. — Louis Rubenstein, Sec. and Treas. Amateur Skating Association of Canada.

* Amateur. † Professional.

THE SPEED-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, HELD AT MONTREAL FEBRUARY 5, 6, AND 10, 1897—THE PROMINENT CONTESTANTS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON, MONTREAL.

autumn be entirely coached by a number of its own graduates, as will also the baseball nine and the track-athletic team this spring. It is one of the surest methods of removing the hitherto ruling commercial element from Western college sport. But the most convincing evidence of the new spirit has been furnished me by a letter received from an alumnus of one of the larger middle Western colleges, which I print (withholding names for obvious reasons) because it is worthy of careful reading by both Eastern and Western sportsmen:

You are aware, of course, of the rather crucial condition of affairs in baseball out here. The application of the new rules will bar many of the '97 candidates, and the eligible material seems green. In such a situation, of course, the average Western undergraduate wouldn't consider prospects particularly bright. On the contrary, our baseball captain is really enthusiastic over the matter, and that in the face of student apathy.

In my opinion he is just the man for the time. He comes from ——, where, he says, amateurism in athletics is a matter of course, and was rather depressed at the discoveries he made here. In consequence he is determined to do his best to enforce the spirit and letter of amateurism, even going further than the last Chicago rules, and I find that he has been at the pains of investigating the records of some of the candidates, and has notified them of their ineligibility. He and I have found that for the past three years there has been a regular pay-roll for baseball and football, and that last year that pay-roll must have run to over $1000. I don't give these as facts with proof, but as things which I am thoroughly satisfied are true. You may think it strange that I, an officer of the Athletic Association there the past few years, should have been ignorant of this. I was not, but there was always looseness enough about such things to permit it to be kept quiet.

And yet if ever the futility of professional methods has been shown, it is here. It is a losing game anyway, even if there were no moral question involved; for others could get the most money and at that game beat us in the end. In my own experience in college athletics I saw the foolishness of such methods demonstrated more than once. The first year I was there the candidates for catcher didn't show up well the first thing in the spring, so a deal was made with —— (now of the Baltimore team) to enter the university and catch. He was warned off by the Board of Control after I laid the facts before them, but the mischief had been done. No sooner did he appear on the campus than nine of the twelve candidates for catcher dropped out. Thus the healthy competition was destroyed, and the foundation for future successful development of the sport was partly destroyed. It is just such things as these that have shown me that even as a question of expediency such methods are fatal to success sooner or later. I am looking at the matter now purely from a success or failure stand-point, and I say I don't think it is necessary to call in the moral question involved to prove the futility of semi-professionalism. It kills interest in the sport, and is sure soon to destroy competition that is legitimate.

To return to the point, I say —— is even enthusiastic over the prospects this spring. He says he expects not only to have the satisfaction of having the first clean team in some time, but he also expects to have as good a team, from the stand-point of skill, as before. His theory is that, with all this old timber out of the way, the many baseball players in the university will think it an excellent chance, for so many places are open, and they are insured not having to compete against semi-professionals. His theory seems to be borne out by the fact that seventy-five candidates appeared at the first meeting, last week, and there will probably be fifty more. This means healthy competition and a more ideal state of affairs than has existed since my knowledge—*a better* team, in fact, even if they don't win a game.

Our Board of Control, too, is now active, and seems to understand its business and duties better than ever before. I told two of the professors on it last summer that I thought they had the wool pulled over their eyes quite easily, but I don't think it can be done now. One great thing is that they have themselves been *educated* up to a great deal better standard than that of even last year. . . . Our board has also sent warnings out to the high-schools that their students must be careful in their athletics, for they will be held answerable to these rules when they enter the university. Every candidate for any team must sign an affidavit that he is eligible under the rules. . . .

. . . . What our board expects to do is, as —— has already requested, not to permit our team to meet any team that is not strictly amateur (except one or two exhibitions with league teams), and which does not subscribe to the Chicago rules. —— has presented each college on his schedule, both small and great, with an agreement which pledges compliance with these terms of eligibility. In the case of some few little colleges, with whose teams we will play on the opening spring trip, the point may be waived; but at least it will be of value to have them see the agreement and understand our position, even if they can't sign it. The board wants to go farther and insist that the rules be not only signed, but also lived up to.

This is, of course, only insisting upon fair terms. If our team is to be strictly amateur, the board is justified in demanding the same strictness in others. So they will demand an investigation by the boards of the other institutions in case any player is suspected.

February 17, 1897. —— ——

The middle West, in the matter of agreeing upon uniform rules, has advanced beyond the East. We have had no action here to correspond with the faculty conferences held in Chicago, and while the rules of our several leading universities are satisfactory, they vary considerably, and should unquestionably be made consistent.

PERHAPS NO WESTERN COLLEGE FACULTY has met with more obstinate opposition to reform than that of the University of Cincinnati. The immediate governing of the athletics of this institution was last year in the hands of an alumni committee, which, by its open disregard of the canons of amateur sport and disobedience of the faculty's instructions, brought the university into disgrace during the football season. It was this committee that voted to play a man on a false matriculation certificate, even after the dean had warned the committee of the man's true status, and it was for this flagrant disobedience of a faculty order by a committee under the authority of the faculty which caused investigation of the committee and its final dissolution. The leading spirits in this disgraced committee, Messrs. Carson, Smith, and May, have recently attempted—and failed—to have the faculty action overturned by the University Board of Directors. The faculty organization for athletic control at Cincinnati is sound, and, apparently, none too active in its supervision, since, to judge from the sentiments accredited by press despatches to Carson *et al.*, this alumni athletic trust seeks a control of Cincinnati's sport, which will take the ultimatum from the faculty, and leave the alumni to follow unhindered the bent of their inclinations. The inclinations of this committee brought disgrace to Cincinnati last autumn, and, unless checked, there is no guarantee that they would not do so again.

One such lesson is sufficient, and the Cincinnati faculty is not likely to yield to the dissolute demands of alumni so greedy for victory that in its pursuit they unblushingly throw aside every fundamental principle of athletic honor.

The right-principled students of Cincinnati support the faculty's resolute position, and all sportsmen endorse it.

STILL FARTHER WEST, on the Pacific coast, especially in Oregon and southern California, the athletic atmosphere is cleaner and healthier than it was a year ago, but San Francisco yields to cleansing most reluctantly. San Francisco, indeed, seems so saturated with a professional spirit as to be almost callous to the exhortations of those working for wholesome sport. And yet even in San Francisco there is a decided elevation in athletic morale over that which obtained a year ago; for which improvement the vigorous campaign and resolute stand of William F. Humphrey, president of the Pacific Amateur Athletic Association, is solely responsible. Mr. Humphrey has, in fact, stood between San Francisco, with its Olympic Club, and utter disgrace. It seems to be wellnigh impossible to root out the professional sentiments which apparently dominate the Olympic Club. It is the largest and wealthiest athletic club on the Pacific coast, and has been the most persistent and corrupt offender. Last year its entire baseball nine was declared professional, its so-called amateur boxing tournaments are noisome, and its football games with that notorious semi-professional eleven from Butte have created more unpleasant scandal than the complete history of American sport records.

THE TROUBLE IN THE OLYMPIC, and also in the Acme, Sacramento, San Francisco, and some other clubs of the Pacific Association, is that the club directors and the majority of the members of the clubs are not to the manner born. There seems to be no inherent sportsmanly or gentlemanly—the words are really synonymous—instincts. There is no sympathy with amateurism; by nature they are inclined towards professionalism. And until the better elements in these clubs put men of their own kind upon the boards of directors, the athletics of San Francisco will continue to be surcharged with professionalism and corruption.

Judge how Mr. Humphrey and that other good sportsman, John Elliott (who resigned from the Olympic A. C. board of directors because of their open indifference to clean sport), must have labored this last year to make any impression upon such soil! Add to the other difficulties a press which with one or two exceptions seems in sympathy with dishonest sport, and an Association board composed for the most part of men with about as much appreciation of the ethics of amateur sport as they have of Volapük, and we wonder that so much good has been accomplished.

THE LATEST COMMOTION in San Francisco has been created by a conflict over the disposition of the gate-receipts of the Olympic-Butte football game. Despite the experience of the year before, and in full knowledge of their professionalism, the Olympic Club arranged for two games with Butte, which, among others of questionable status, had on its eleven Lasswell, who had been declared a professional by the L. A. W., and Hall, who seems to be touring the country on the strength of his football skill, and who had coached for money.

The first game was played with these men under protest, pending President Humphrey's investigation. Having secured the desired evidence, Mr. Humphrey forbade the second game as a contest between amateur clubs, but permitted the Olympic eleven to play an exhibition game with the professional Butte eleven, provided all the gate-receipts, except expenses of grounds and for printing, were given in trust to Mr. Humphrey to be by the Board of Managers distributed in charity. Both sides consenting, the game was played, and the Olympics won easily, 14-4. Mr. Humphrey was sound in spirit and within the letter of the law. By playing with the professionals Hall and Lasswell, all the Butte men had professionalized themselves.

But mark how the Olympic Club carried out the compact. The money got into the possession of the Olympic Club's president, Mr. George Newhall, and, up to my last advices from San Francisco, had not been distributed in charity, or been received by Mr. Humphrey for that purpose. Meanwhile both the Olympic Club and Butte have put forth bills of expenses unwarranted by the agreement—made before the second game was played—and both clubs and some of the San Francisco newspapers have viciously and outrageously assailed Mr. Humphrey for acting like a sportsman and a business man of integrity.

It is certainly extraordinary that the Olympic Club has not enough members of the right sort to make that club a unit in the support of Mr. Humphrey's commendable stand against professionalism in amateur sport. Cannot President Newhall persuade his Board of Directors to veto the present dishonest method employed by the club of rewarding "amateur" boxers with orders, negotiable in any shop, or must we conclude that Mr. Newhall too is in sympathy with the masquerading professional?

At all events, we commend Mr. Humphrey, and beseech him to fight it out on the same line if it takes all the year. Success will certainly come to him eventually.

THE CHIEF BUSINESS ENACTED at the recent annual meeting held in New York of the U. S. Golf Association consisted in deciding upon the links of the Chicago Golf Club as the course for the '97 amateur and open championship, that of the Essex County Country Club of Manchester-by-the-Sea (Massachusetts) for the women's championship, and in repealing the January act of the Executive Committee, which provided for the limitation of starters in the championship to those who had attained a standard of of play within six strokes of a scratch score, handicapped on the following basis:

Under 165 yards	3 strokes.
165 yards and under 310	4 "
310 yards and under 450	5 "
450 yards and over	6 "

Perhaps repeal was the wisest step the Association could take, since it was perfectly evident from the variety and confliction of opinion advanced in the session that the delegates are not yet qualified intelligently to discuss so important a question. As one delegate sententiously remarked, the distance of the championship site from the great army of men that play at golf is sufficient guarantee that this year we shall be spared the attendance of that considerable class which views the national event as a kindergarten for its especial edification. But before the championship is again decided on an Eastern course, this question of limitation must be thoroughly discussed and some handicap settled upon.

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE that a high standard carries with it the assurance that golfers will be incited thereby to greater effort, and the average of the American game raised proportionately. But it is equally true that too high a standard may have a discouraging influence on the great body of mediocre but improving native golfers, on whose ultimate form depends the future standard of American play. The question is made the more perplexing because of the very few links in this country that may be said to be up to championship form. There are none such around Boston, nor in New Jersey, nor around New York. Really there is but one course in America to-day which is qualified for championship golf, and that one is at Chicago. Next to it is Shinnecock, which is susceptible of being brought up to standard character, and so are Meadow Brook, St. Andrews, and Newport, if lengthened and cleared of trees and stones.

No links of less than eighteen holes, or with terraced putting-greens, or with trees or stones scattered throughout its playing length, is entitled to consideration for a championship. At least, such is my opinion after a careful study of the game on the other side and the courses on which the annual British championship is held, *viz.*, St. Andrews, Sandwich, Hoylake, and Prestwick. It seems unwise, from the point of view of future excellence and a creditable American standard, to make our play fit our poor courses, rather than improve the courses to fit real golfing form.

There must be some standard to keep the championship entries from being filled by the duffers who have no sense of the fitness of things and no consideration save for self. I am inclined to believe that as a basis for some handicapping system the one put forth by the Executive Committee, and repealed week before last, is, after all, the most satisfactory as a basis from all points of view. The simplest way of adapting it to fit the needs of the hour is to raise the total handicap from six to ten or twelve, but leave the detail as originally suggested.

A STANDARD SCORE suggests the need of courses that are up to championship form, and that idea in turn suggests the wisdom of the Association designating such courses as are worthy of being considered candidates for the annual championship events. There would be much loudly voiced disapprobation of such an innovation from those clubs having toy golf courses, but it would work wonders in the American game, and have a tendency to not only improve the play, but to improve all the links in the country. And why should not the Association make such a selection? There are many, many links, and first-class ones too, throughout England and Scotland, and yet the annual championship goes to one of four permanently chosen. Golfers are so glib in quoting English custom as precedent for this country, here is one that is not only feasible over here, but would be beneficial in every way.

Apropos of championship courses, Mr. Macdonald made a suggestion to me the other day which seems worth publishing. His scheme is for the Association to make an Association championship links as near the ideal as possible, and upon which candidates for the national event may qualify. The idea does not necessarily include the making of entirely new links, but taking the one most susceptible of development among those already established, and spending upon it some of the money accumulating in the treasury of the Association, and for which there is no use. Considering the paucity of really first-class links and the affluence of the Association, I do not see why Mr. Macdonald's plan is not only commendable but thoroughly practicable.

The only other question of importance discussed at the Association meeting was one looking to a new codification of the rules. Certainly some of them are very much in need of revision. Even the Ancient and Honorable Club at St. Andrews (Scotland), whose tenacity to tradition is proverbial, has become convinced that the exigencies of modern play demand simpler rules.

The U. S. Association failed to improve its present clumsy legislation touching the golfing-goods drummer, whose liberty seems a menace to amateur golfing.

THE SPEED-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS of the world were held this year at Montreal, and brought together the fastest amateurs and professionals on both sides the Atlantic. The meeting was held under the auspices of the International Skating Union, which was organized in '92 at Schevenin-gen, Holland, and is composed of the national skating associations of Canada, England, Austria, Finland, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Norway, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland. Strange enough, the United States has no membership in this body, whose most important mission is holding an annual meeting to determine the world's amateur champion. Amsterdam was the site of the meeting in '93, Stockholm in '94, Hamar (Norway) in '95, and St. Petersburg in '96.

The track at Montreal was 400 metres (that is, 2 56-100 yards less than a quarter-mile), and the amateur championship distances were 500, 1500, 5000, and 10,000 metres. Under the rules of the Union each man is timed separately, and the prizes awarded in accordance with the times made by the men in their trials, so there were no final heats, as with us, and interesting performances were assured throughout the programme.

The most notable amateur single performance was done by A. Naess, who won the 500-metre event in $46\frac{4}{5}$ sec., which just equals the world's record made by him last year in Norway. But the most notable all-round performer was J. K. McCulloch, from Winnipeg, Manitoba, who won the 1500, 5000 (short measurement), and 10,000 metre races, in 2 min. $40\frac{4}{5}$ sec. (world's amateur record, 2 min. $25\frac{2}{5}$ sec.), 8 min. $32\frac{4}{5}$ sec., and 20 min. $2\frac{2}{5}$ sec. (world's amateur record, 17 min. 56 sec.), respectively. By thus winning three out of the four events, McCulloch earned the gold medal and official title of "Amateur champion of the world in distance-skating for 1897."

John Nilsson won all four of the professional events, making new world's records in each, and proving himself to be the greatest speed-skater of the year.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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There has long been an obvious necessity for a work which would enable both the casual reader and the careful student to get at all that is best in books without wading through innumerable volumes, many of which are not now worth the time and trouble necessary to find out what is in them.

Of the world's books "in bulk," as found in the immense accumulation of thirty centuries, it may safely be said that not one in a thousand, possibly ten thousand, is a contribution to genuine literature, while even those authors whose greatness is acknowledged have written much which they themselves would prefer had not seen the light.

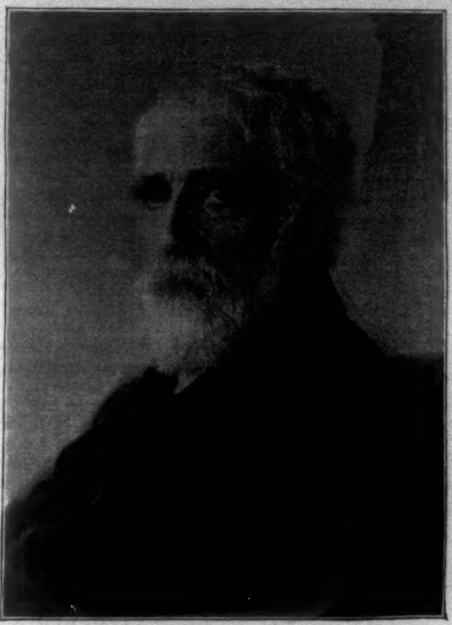
This condition is thoroughly recognized by every one who knows aught of literature. We are all aware, for instance, that the same Milton who wrote "Paradise Lost" wrote a large amount of theological and political essays hardly fit to burn. The great writers of the time of Queen Anne, who are supposed to represent the highest standard of literary finish, wrote hundreds of volumes, which though seen in "every gentleman's library," are never read by any one, because they do not deserve to be read.

The necessity above referred to has therefore resulted in many efforts at selection, but these have been so restricted and desultory as to be of little or no value in affording a means of surveying the whole field. There have been volumes of "Selected Poems"; "Elegant Extracts," even "Selected American Literature"; "Gems from English Literature"; but these are simply browsings in the corner of a great domain. Neither poems nor prose alone, nor the contributions of any single age, nation, or period, constitute the world's literature, to know something of which in its entirety is absolutely essential to literary culture.

But Mr. Warner has attempted and fortunately accomplished something far different. In his "Library of the World's Best Literature" the whole field has been covered from the earliest time to the present day. He has taken from the literatures of all countries those portions which have withstood the test of years, and thus offers to the world, within a space that all may compass, a comprehensive epitome of the achievements of its master-minds.

But a project so far-reaching, involving a discriminating choice from the whole domain of letters, could not be committed to any one man, since its universality must not be affected by any personal bias or predilection. So besides the assistance of a large corps of associate editors, Mr. Warner arranged for the co-operation of an Advisory Council from twelve of our leading universities, and also secured the services of over three hundred of the most celebrated literary specialists and critics to furnish elaborate essays upon the great authors and great books of the world and upon the literatures of various nations and periods.

Such an enterprise, so wisely aided, could not fail of brilliant achievement. In a word, these thirty volumes contain all the best things that have been written, with accounts of the people who wrote them, and with the conclusions of the best modern scholarship about them. From a historical, biographical, and critical point of view the work meets every demand, while to the average man who reads for entertainment the Library is varied enough to suit every taste and mood.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

And this brings us to a feature of the work which will prove of inestimable benefit to the young. While its contents are readable and interesting, they are also *pure*. Thus in the home, where children are being reared, its influence for good can hardly be overestimated. There is ever-present danger in turning the youthful mind loose in a promiscuous selection of books, yet parents are apt to feel that this risk must be taken in order to afford the necessary acquaintance with the best writers. But with Mr. Warner's Library there is no risk in this direction, and it is not too much to say that the substituting of these thirty volumes for all the reading matter usually provided would work a revolution in the mental acquirements of our rising generation.

Although primarily the Library is meant to be read, its reference and encyclopedic features are noteworthy. It comprises a Biographical Dictionary of Authors, which will contain the names of all the world's writers who have made enduring contributions to literature, with dates of birth and death, description whether historian, poet, or novelist, list of writings, and the accepted pronunciation of names; together with other points in their careers.

Again, every one knows how difficult it often is to refer some particular character or incident to the book in which it belongs, and how difficult it is to trace persons and episodes in literature to their source. To aid in such emergencies the Library contains synopses of all important works, with their substance, story, or plot. To trace any character or episode it is only necessary to find it in the alphabetical index, which will refer you at once to the synopsis of the work containing it, and this will afford all information necessary for the purpose of general knowledge or intelligent conversation.

Withal, the indexes, four in number, so completely cover every department of the work with references and cross-references, that it is hard to conceive any literary fact that could not be speedily ascertained.

That there is a widespread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes clearly appears from the number and character of the letters which are coming from far and near to the Harper's Weekly Club, through which a portion of the first edition is being distributed.

Although this first edition is the most desirable because printed from the fresh, new plates, the publishers, instead of advancing the price, have actually reduced it nearly half, so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection.

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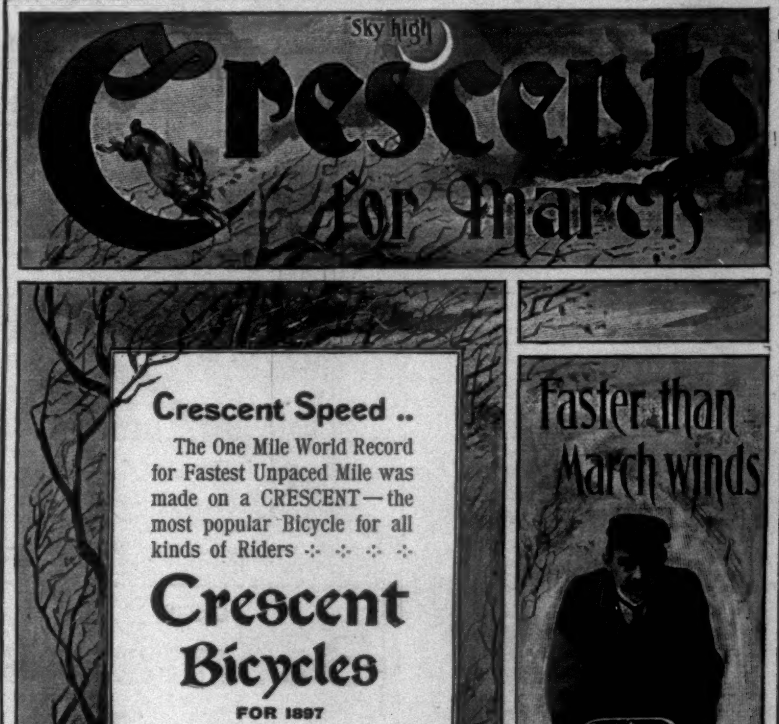

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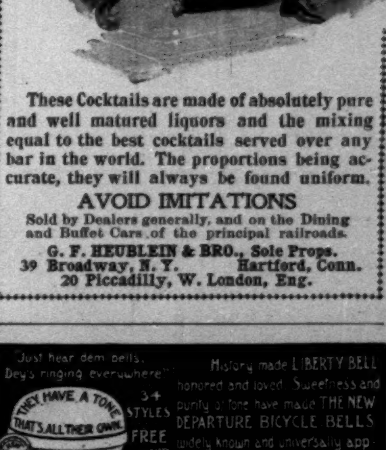

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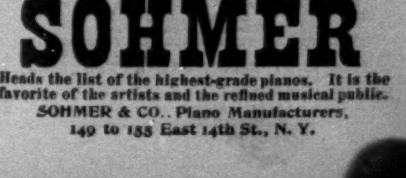

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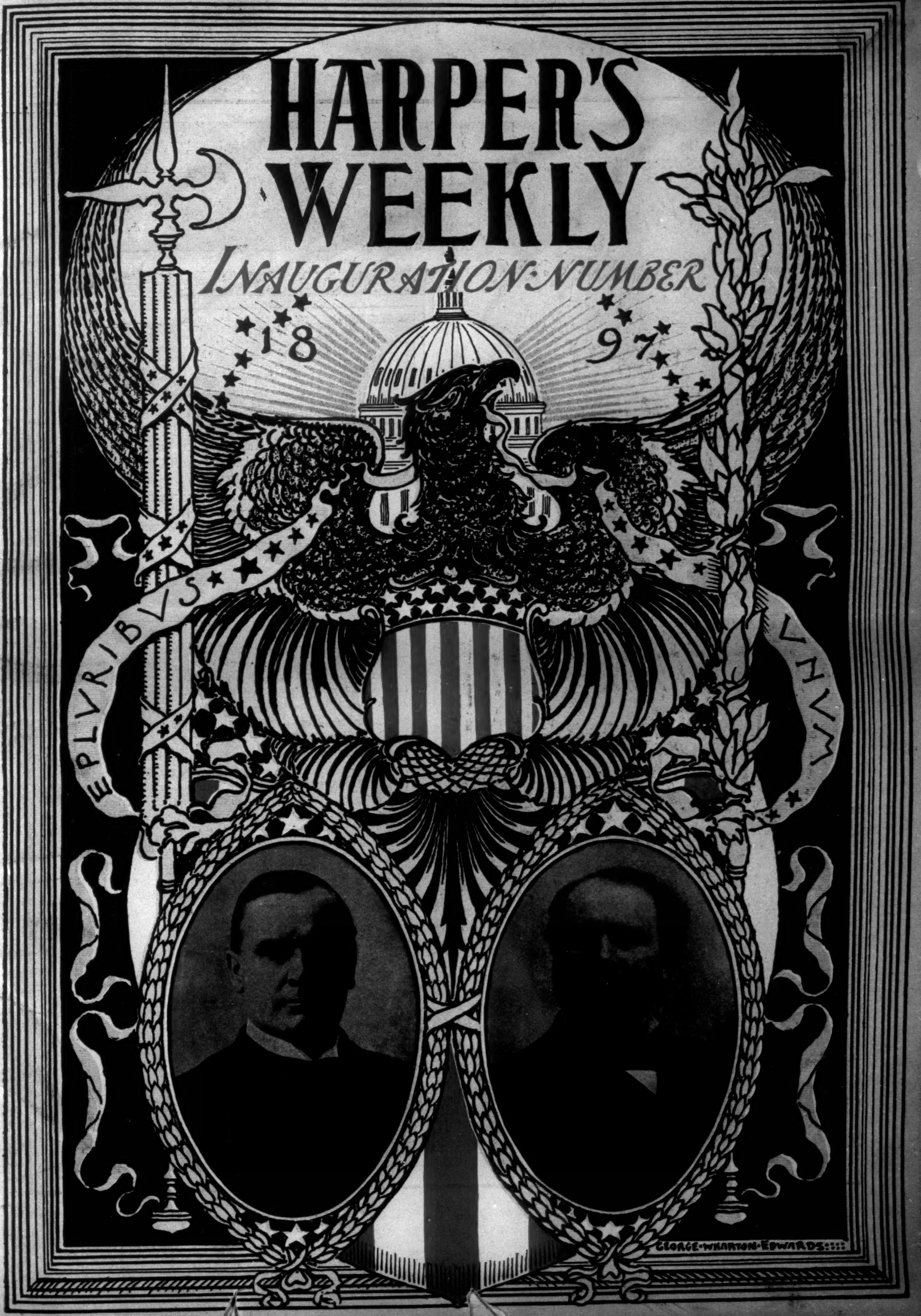
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